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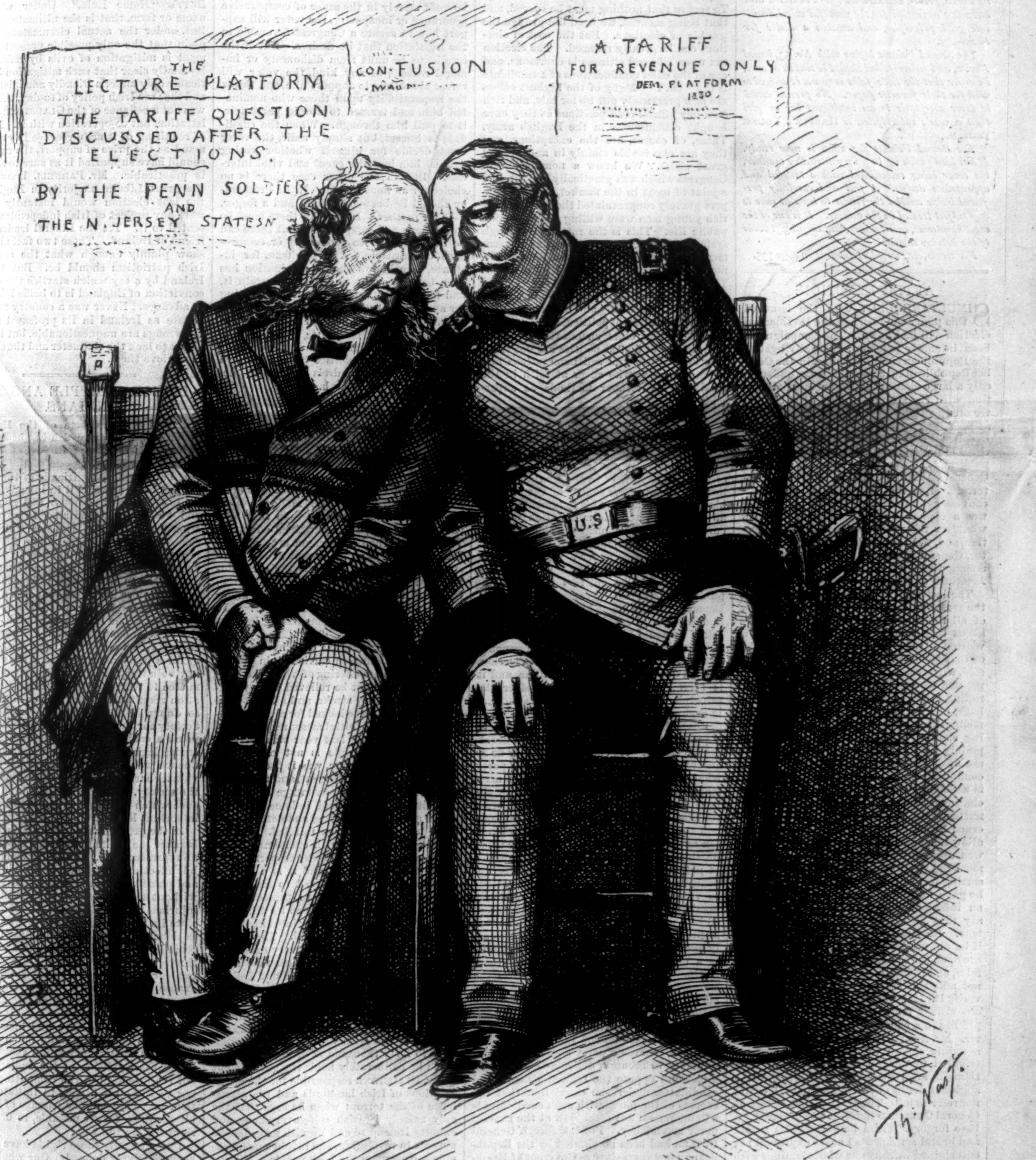
THE LECTURE PLATFORM
THE TARIFF QUESTION DISCUSSED AFTER THE ELECTIONS.
BY THE PENN SOLDIER AND THE N. JERSEY STATESN
CON-FUSION
A TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY
DEM. PLATFORM 1880.
U.S
Th. Nast.

"A LOCAL QUESTION."

"WHO IS *TARIFF*, AND WHY IS *HE* FOR REVENUE *ONLY*?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880.

"The King of the Juveniles."

SECOND VOLUME.

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AFTER ELECTION.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the issue of this paper the result of the Presidential election will be known. The campaign has been intensely personal, especially against the Republican candidate; and in the October Republican successes there was undoubtedly a large element of disgust and indignation with the attempt to stain the character of a man who has impressed the country as peculiarly upright, able, and intelligent. Despite all the calumny showered upon him, there is probably no man, Democrat or Republican, who would have hesitated to make General GARFIELD a trustee of property interests. But the exigencies of a political canvass required them to declare that he was a dishonest man. That imputation, whatever the result, will cease after election, and, whether as President or as Senator, General GARFIELD will continue to be among the most eminent and efficient of American statesmen.

The last week of a Presidential canvass is the most humiliating week for the country of all the four years. "Look out for lies about this time," is the inscription that is written all over it. The *Herald*, in the midst of that week, wished that it were over, and said, with reason, that after election certain persons who, for party purposes, had been rolling in the mire, would doubtless take a bath, put on clean linen, and resume the feelings and manners of gentlemen. Nothing shows the force of party fury more plainly than the fact that honorable men are swept away to the wildest words and conduct. Mr. W. H. BARNUM, for instance, is a Senator of the United States, and the chairman of the National Democratic Committee. He is officially bound to be governed by the feelings of a gentleman, and to allow none but honorable methods. But he was apparently mastered by all the bummers and pot-wallopers of his party, and resorting to the tactics of grog-shop politics, he gave his sanction to what proved to be an infamous forgery. It is no excuse to say that he might have thought it to be true. He was wholly unfit for his position if he did not know that every such disclosure upon the eve of election is presumptively false, and that as an honorable man he could not adopt it until he had taken pains to verify it. Happily grog-shop political methods always recoil, and the utterers of stupid lies in a canvass are surely made to suffer. Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT also, alluding in a public speech to the Chinese letter attributed to General GARFIELD, said, "If I thought, after examination, there was the slightest doubt of its authenticity, I would not refer to it." The truth is that it was, as General GARFIELD immediately declared, "a base forgery." And he added, "Its stupid and brutal sentiments I never expressed nor entertained......Any one who is familiar with my handwriting will instantly see that the letter is spurious." We do not envy Mr. HEWITT'S position. Party success is no doubt very desirable to a partisan, but it may be bought at much too high a price. Without principles, without a policy, without a record which it could bear to contemplate, the Democratic party concentrated all its strength upon the effort to blacken the character of the Republican candidate. Whatever the result of the election may be, that endeavor at least has failed. Hatred and malice have searched him with candles, and the greater the light, the purer the character it has disclosed.

Experience has proved that the Presidential election lasts all the time. The term of four years is so short that the plans of one campaign overlap those of another. No sooner had General JACKSON been defeated in 1824 than he was in the field again for the succession, and since that time the patronage of the government has so enormously increased that the contest never ceases. It is in some aspects an annoying fact, but it must not be forgotten that frequent elections of chief officers are the safety-valves of a republic. The vital point is the honesty of the vote in casting and counting. To secure that nothing must be spared, and that being secured, we need not grudge the trouble of elections. But the cost of elections can be greatly reduced. The election tax upon all good citizens is enormous, and one of the chief qualifications of a candidate is the "bar'l" Many of the highest offices are now practically put up for sale, and rich men buy official civil positions as they once bought commissions in the English army. These, of course, are the exceptions, and they are observable mainly in and around great cities. We know a nomination to Congress which was practically bought, like a joint of meat in the market, and newspapers gravely congratulated the country that rich young men were willing to enter upon public life. This is the rottenest borough system, and a travesty of popular government. But it is not a reason for despair, nor for cynical contempt and indifference. The efforts of all sound-minded citizens who do not expect an ideal perfection in politics may be directed wisely and hopefully to the constant elevation of political standards and methods. The chief enemies of such endeavors and of honest politics are not those who openly buy and sell nominations and votes, but those who sneer at faith in the possibility of cleaner methods as supercelestial.

RASCALS *V.* SCOUNDRELS.

WE received a letter, just too late for answer in the last WEEKLY, from an office-holder who had declined to vote for the Republican candidate for member of Congress in his district, because, in his judgment, he was an unfit man, and his nomination was secured by improper means. The recusant was told that as a Republican, and especially as holding office under a Republican administration, he was bound to waive his crotchets; and that not to vote for the Republican would be to give half a vote to the Democrat. The office-holder, as he called himself, was in some doubt, and wrote to ask if we could help him to a just decision. It was impossible to answer our correspondent in time to affect his vote at the election, but his question is a permanent one, and it is therefore worth while to consider the principle that should guide a man's conduct in such a situation.

First, the fact that he is an office-holder is properly of no weight whatever in deciding his course. He can not honorably do as an office-holder for the benefit of his party what he can not honorably do as a man. Moreover, he does not hold his office for the benefit of his party. It is a public trust confided to him for the general advantage, and the instant that he turns it to a partisan or personal account he betrays the trust. As this is not the doctrine or the practice of political machinists, they naturally appealed to him as under especial obligations to vote for the devil if he was regularly nominated, and as naturally they threatened him with removal if he did not. That is a threat which we presume did not seriously affect our correspondent, who is evidently a man of courage. His question, then, is simply whether a man who desires the ascendency of one party rather than another may properly vote for a candidate whom he believes to be unfit. The only answer is that it depends upon circumstances, of which every man must be the judge for himself. If a man regards a party as a necessary instrument to secure a desirable end, he will sometimes oppose the regularly nominated candidates, under the conviction that the success of the party with such candidates is a dangerous if not fatal blow at the general party ascendency. For instance, if General BUTLER had been nominated by the Republicans a few years since as Governor of Massachusetts, a Massachusetts Republican might have reasonably refused to vote for him on the ground that the adoption of General BUTLER as the representative of Massachusetts Republicanism would have produced such general distrust with the party as to threaten its defeat in other States and at a national election. The more honest and devoted a Republican such a voter may have been, the more resolute, probably, would have been his refusal to discredit the party. This is obvious enough, and it is merely to say that a sensible man does not lose his intelligence or conscience by belonging to a party, and that a thing which he thinks ought not to be done he will not do merely because other Republicans differ from him. The majority will nominate, but a man's vote is his own, and not that of the majority. To deny it is to place the individual conscience under the control of corrupt numbers.

But when there is a final alternative, and the question for the voter is whether one of two unfit candidates, for instance, shall go to Congress, and the party control of Congress depends upon the one who is returned, the question becomes more obscure to many persons. But the solution is evident. If the candidate of the voter's party be unfit merely in the sense of comparative ignorance or incapacity, the voter will support him to secure a Congress favorable to the legislation that he desires. But if the candidate be unfit from dishonesty or immoral reasons of any kind, the voter will refuse absolutely to support him, and throw the responsibility upon those who nominated him, and trusted to stupid party spirit to pull him through. When the candidate is honest, but simply unfit, the voter must decide for himself whether voting against him imperils great and vital interests. But in the other case there is no choice for an honest man. If the Presidency should lie between a thief and a forger, vote for neither. In politics there must be concessions and compromises, but there can be no concession to dishonesty or compromise of principle. A Republican, for instance, who knows that a nomination has been bought, ought to refuse to sustain it, and to make his refusal effective by voting for an honest Democrat, for the reason that Republican success secured by corruption is worse than a Democratic victory. It is no excuse that Democrats are as bad as Republicans. When politics have become a choice between scoundrels and rascals, decent men will reject both.

THE CLOUD IN IRELAND.

THE Irish question once more angrily confronts the British government, and Mr. GLADSTONE and his cabinet are forced to deal with one of the most difficult of situations. Mr. PARNELL, who succeeds O'CONNELL as the Irish agitator, made no other impression in this country than that of a cool, unmagnetic, but determined advocate. The policy of the Land League is practically the refusal to pay rent except at the pleasure of the tenant. It is a virtually revolutionary remedy for harsh laws; for the Irish land and tenant laws are of a kind under which no community could prosper. The situation is the long accumulating inheritance of various wrong. The difficulty could be satisfactorily treated only by the most conciliatory discussion carried on in perfect good faith. The suffering of which the Irish complain could not be relieved by any sudden or peremptory stroke, and all that wise Irishmen could have looked for was a friendly disposition and initial measures of reform. The famine of the last year was terrible, and a starving people is not reasonable. All the more, therefore, was it the duty of leaders who were intelligent, and not starving, to refuse to take advantage of a great calamity to arouse and inflame passions which merely breed hatred and nothing else. This duty has not been fulfilled. Ireland is evidently blazing with excitement from end to end. Daily outrages exasperate public feeling in England, and it is a Liberal government which is forced to send more troops into Ireland, and to prosecute the leaders who should have been its allies.

Mr. PARNELL and his associates know the people to whom they appeal. They know that they are very ignorant, very excitable, and terribly poor. They know that a direct conflict between England and Ireland would be the direst catastrophe to the Irish people. Yet their course is a constant, irritating, and direct incitement to an insurrection which means war. When Mr. PARNELL denounces the Irish Secretary as a hypocrite to forty thousand seething Irishmen; when he deliberately holds the government of Mr. GLADSTONE responsible for the assassinations of Irish landlords and the prevalence of the terror; when he says that the only remedy is Irish self-government, and exhorts Ireland to end English misrule—he appeals to revolution, and invokes unspeakable sorrow upon the Irish people. Now no American denies what is called the right of revolution. When the suffering of a people is intolerable, and it is plain that there is no hope of legal or peaceful redress, then, appealing to Heaven and the human conscience, a people may rightfully do as our fathers did, and deliberately decide that war with all its horrors is better than longer endurance. But this is not the situation of Ireland. Bad as it is, and obvious as may be the necessity of radical reforms, the measures of Mr. GLADSTONE when last in office are the earnest not only of his sympathy and conviction, but of his disposition and power. When the Tory administration of Lord BEACONSFIELD, which has only scorn and severity for Irish demands, was entirely engrossed in foreign affairs, the Irish agitators were quiet. When Mr. GLADSTONE, who is known to be friendly to Ireland, resumes control of the administration, the agitators force him to take measures of repression.

The inevitable conclusion is that the agitators are less mindful of the welfare of the country than of their own notoriety and power. Their object is the independence of Ireland. That is the meaning of Mr. PARNELL'S "autonomy," as it was of Mr. BUTT'S "Home Rule." Under whatever name or form, that is the ultimate purpose. But, under the actual circumstances, it is plain that the only possible present attainment is mitigation of evils by reform. It is equally clear that such mitigation is practicable only under a friendly administration, and the true Irish policy of to-day, therefore, was not a defiance of the GLADSTONE administration, but co-operation with it. Instead of requiring of it acquiescence in every demand as the price of support, the agitation should have supported it as sure to do what is practicable. Mr. PARNELL knows that the great Liberal majority in England at the last election would instantly vanish were any project of Irish independence presented to it. Yet the Liberal leader is the friend of Ireland. These two facts seem to show plainly enough what the action of Irish patriotism should be. But to raise Ireland by a cry which startles the deepest conviction of England is to baffle Irish hope in advance. Never was a country so unfortunate as Ireland in its professed friends. Its wrongs are unquestionable, but it seems as yet to lack the character and the sagacity to retrieve them.

BISHOP WHIPPLE AND THE INDIANS.

AMONG the members of the Episcopal General Convention which has been sitting in New York, Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, is distinguished as one of the most devoted and intelligent friends of the Indian. He has been unwearied in his advocacy of an Indian policy of honor and good faith, and he has not hesitated to expose the crimes against the Indians which have come to his knowledge. The Bishop approves the resolution adopted by the Convention to authorize the appointment of a committee to watch and influence legislation, and does not agree that it is a step toward weakening the barrier between church and state. The Episcopal Church, so far as the state is concerned, is a voluntary association, like a charitable or any other society for a particular purpose. It is open to any voluntary association to appoint a committee to watch legislation, and the association acquires no new right or authority by so doing. The Produce Exchange or the Society for the Relief of the Poor might appoint a committee to watch and influence Indian legislation, but the weight of the influence would depend solely upon the individual character of the persons constituting the society. It is, in fact, the kind of influence which is always brought to bear upon important legislation.

In the present case action has been taken because the Indians, not being citizens, have no representative. But at any moment some bill affecting his welfare may be introduced and passed, as Bishop WHIPPLE says, almost without notice. It may be most unjust and injurious; and as nobody is interested to state its true character, grave mischief may be done. But it will be the duty of such a committee as has been appointed to inquire, through its agents, into the character and tendency of every Indian measure. It will expose any projected wrong, and it will arouse public opinion as effectually as the efforts of one man have aroused it upon the Ponca question. Hasty and inconsiderate legislation can easily undo much that has been done during the last few years to ameliorate the condition of the Indians. It is not the intention of the committee, according to Bishop Whipple, to initiate legislation, but to prevent the passage of injurious bills, and, so far as possible, to defend the rights of the Indians.

Unfortunately those rights have not been authoritatively defined. Our whole Indian policy is confused, and without a consistent principle. As the Bishop points out, the laws of England, Holland, Spain, and France have recognized the Indian's possessory right to the land on which he lives, but the colonial settlers of all these countries have practically contemned these laws. The ordinance of 1787 provided that the land of the Indian should not be taken except by purchase or by war duly authorized by Congress; and when Napoleon sold Louisiana, he especially reserved to the Indians the possessory right to the land they occupied. The government ostensibly admits it, but when the Indian attempts to enforce his right, he finds that he has no standing in the eye of the law. The apparent remedy is citizenship. But Bishop Whipple thinks that this would be premature. The Indians could not withstand the corruption of the whites. The better plan, in his opinion, is to leave them to the necessity of conforming to the ways of civilization, and to help them while they are doing it. The intention of the committee is to make the aid efficient and progressive, and the action of the Convention is a gratifying sign of the rapid increase of intelligent attention in a most important and neglected public question.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

The question of commercial union with the United States naturally attracts much attention in Canada, and the success of Sir John Macdonald's visit to England on behalf of the Pacific Railway has produced an excellent feeling in the Canadian breast. The Toronto *Telegram* recently said that "the tide of feeling is all running in one direction, and that is in the direction of larger commercial relations with the people who live next door." The *Telegram* does not admit that such relations involve political connection, and asserts that the disposition for such connection palpably declines as the probability of commercial union increases. A new reciprocity treaty is improbable. The opposition in this country proceeds both from the agricultural and the manufacturing interests, and as Mr. Wharton Barker points out, such a treaty would not adjust the fisheries dispute nor relieve the common frontier of custom-houses. Canada is free to adjust her own tariff, and, if she chooses, there is nothing to prevent her consideration of some plan of commercial union which would embrace a common tariff, with a single sea-board customs frontier, and some proportional distribution of receipts from duties.

The right and duty of Canadians to determine the commercial policy which is most favorable to their country is obvious. England waives all rights, and leaves the colony to its own loyalty. It is a marvellous improvement upon the British policy of a hundred years ago, for it is a friendly concession of the independence for which the old thirteen colonies so strenuously fought. Canadian loyalty is very fervent, and the feeling of the country toward the neighboring republic is perhaps a little more a feeling of aversion, because Canada is in a sense thrown upon her honor toward the monarchy. She can join us if she wishes, and therefore there will be a certain natural determination not to wish a union. That is a matter, however, which may be left, without the least discussion or emotion, to the settlement of time. If ever Canada, with common traditions, language, and descent with the controlling element of our population, should desire political union, she would be the most welcome and the least disturbing addition which the Union has ever made from beyond its original borders. Ultimately, indeed, such a union does not seem to be improbable. The two communities of the English-speaking race upon this continent, adjoining each other, and with a conceded community of commercial interests, will not remain always politically separate. But this result is not a political policy or party object, and it may be contemplated as dispassionately as the ripening of a fruit. A great advantage for true Canadian development has been gained by the abandonment of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a government work. This as a government enterprise was the grand Jingo project to consolidate the four most conterminous territories of the Dominion by politico-military lines. But the private company into whose hands the railway has fortunately fallen, and which counts some Americans among its members, is wholly commercial in its plans, and will hardly care to build the road for military purposes through an unproductive region.

Meanwhile it is interesting to observe how surely the commercial interests of the two countries draw them together, and how sincerely each side disclaims any political purpose or project. Upon our side, indeed, the only persons who take an immediate practical interest in the question are those who look at it with the commercial eye. The affinities of race and historic tradition and situation will come into play later, but they will prove to be powerful elements. That the tendency to some kind of understanding is already observed is shown by the article in the *Contemporary Review* to which we recently alluded. The author, Mr. Anderson, is a member of Parliament, and he is of opinion that Canada can be saved to the British Empire only by heroic political measures. But Canada will finally decide for herself whether her destiny shall be imperial or republican. Pending that decision, the question of commercial union with the United States will be determined.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who died a fortnight ago, was one of the most justly distinguished of American women, although her name had become somewhat unfamiliar to the readers of to-day. Her various works were the expressions of her deep and strong interest in the chief concerns of life, and of her ardent but wise sympathy with her kind. They ranged from *The Frugal Housewife* and *Mother's Book* to *The Progress of Religious Ideas*, and all bore the mark of her clear womanly sagacity, and her instinctive fidelity to liberty—a fidelity which made her firm and uncompromising, yet without asperity or dryness, and which was as serene and beautiful at seventy-eight as it was at twenty-eight. Her earlier tales and the *Juvenile Miscellany*—that delightful forerunner and exemplar of children's papers and magazines—gave her a distinction as "a literary woman," which, with her bright and gay humor and grace of intelligence, won for her great social favor. But many a door, even in Boston, which had gladly opened to the young authoress who wrote of the tragedies and sorrows "of early times," was closed to the young woman who in the dawn of the antislavery struggle wrote the fervent and eloquent *Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*.

This work identified Mrs. Child with the early Abolitionists, and to the day of emancipation the cause had no more constant or efficient champion. For some time she edited the *Antislavery Standard*, with her husband, the duties, in consequence of his ill health, falling mainly upon her. Her literary activity was unabated, and the freshness and sparkle of her mind, and her shrewd good sense, with simple ardor of feeling, make all her pages charming. In 1859 a letter of sympathy to John Brown led to a correspondence with Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia, in which her part was that of the true woman and American that she was. After the war *The Freedman's Book*, a manual of reading for the freedmen, showed her unfading interest in the welfare of the race for which she had so early pleaded.

Her works, as we have said, were but signs of her great intellectual activity, her humane intelligence and sympathy. They indicate, also, the singular purity and independence of her character. Her life was absolutely simple and unostentatious, and the singular sweetness and childlikeness of her nature remained unchanged to the end. She did not seem to grow old, and her interests in current affairs were alert and unfailing. Her life was as secluded and solitary as it was simple, and no friendly entreaty could long draw her from her accustomed haunts. Her husband, David Lee Child, whom she tenderly loved and respected, died a few years since, and she had no children. But her strong and steady mind did not falter. At seventy-eight she was the same unselfish, uncomplaining, sympathetic, shrewd, and wise woman, the most charming of companions and correspondents, the friend of the friendless, and beloved by the best. It was said of her mother that "she had a simple loving heart, and a spirit busy in doing good." It was true of the daughter; and with the loving heart and beneficent spirit she had the sound mind, the serene heroism, and the charming gifts which make up the woman whom the poet describes as

> "bright
> With something of celestial light."

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

Colonel Higginson is reported to have said at the late Convention for equal suffrage in Worcester that the failure of women to vote at the school elections showed that they did not care to vote, and that when they showed the wish, the right of suffrage would be granted. As a statement of the fact of the indisposition to vote, this remark is undoubtedly true. The number of women who wish to vote is very small, and, so far as our own observation extends, the diligent efforts of those who insist that they ought to wish to vote do not produce much effect. Yet it is unquestionably true that laws made by men exclusively have been often very unjust to women. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Gladstone denounced some such laws as a reproach to England and to civilization. But there is a constant amelioration of harsh laws, and despite the injustice it remains true that women at large are not greatly interested in the movement for their enfranchisement.

But because women who do not feel disfranchisement to be unjust are indifferent, shall those who do feel the injustice be denied the right? The question is much like that of all emancipation. It is not whether the individual slaves or any considerable number of them wish to be free, but whether slavery is not necessarily hurtful to the whole community. The principle of popular government is the participation of all intelligent adult citizens under equal conditions. How can a political community wisely contemn its fundamental principle even although the disregard does not threaten it with immediate disaster? Is not permanent disregard of conceded rights dangerously demoralizing? And what reason is there in the argument that a hundred persons who are qualified to do something, and desire to do it, should not be allowed to do it until a thousand who are equally qualified, but have no desire, shall change their minds?

The extension to women of the right of voting at school meetings in New York was evidently not the result of an overwhelming wish of the women of New York to vote at school meetings, as the elections of the 12th of October proved. The law was passed because there was no good reason against it. The Legislature said that if Mrs. A., whose children went to the school, and who was taxed to maintain it, wished to have a voice in the disposition of the money and the management of the school, she should not be debarred because Mrs. B. thought it would be a great nuisance. We understand the difficulties. But the principle is sound that in a popular government the whole adult intelligence should take part. If women are competent to vote at school meetings, they can not, on other questions involving the common interests of the sexes, be classed fairly with criminals and lunatics. This was the conviction of the people of New Jersey many years ago, and women were enfranchised and voted. The charming picture drawn for the Weekly by Mr. Howard Pyle, which appears in this number, is a glimpse of the quaint old times, and is in itself a pleasant argument. There is nothing disagreeable nor unwomanly in the expression of interest and preference which is indicated by casting the ballot in this drawing, and there is an intimation of the humanizing and refining influence which would result from the voting of women upon subjects in which they have a common concern with men—an influence which is felt in every fair association of men and women.

CHANCELLOR BENEDICT.

The addresses of the Rev. Drs. Rogers and Hitchcock at the funeral of Erastus C. Benedict told with touching simplicity the story of a life devoted with modesty and energy and success to public services. Chancellor Benedict died suddenly in his eighty-first year, but he had retained remarkable bodily vigor, nor had he lost his interest in his profession, in the cause of education, and in the political welfare of the country. The Chancellorship of the University of New York was the worthy crown of honor to his long labors to promote general education in the State, and his large knowledge of the subject can not readily be replaced.

Chancellor Benedict was a man of true public spirit. He was one of the American citizens who illustrate by their fidelity to every duty what citizenship should be. His force of nature penetrated all his opinions and convictions. In politics he was a positive party man, and in his professional career his position was always taken and defended with energy. His expression of views, also, was characteristically decided but courteous, and intercourse with him was most agreeable from the spirit and spring of his mind and the clear vigor of his words. Small in person, he was thoroughly vitalized; his glance was quick and bright, and his activity was unwearied.

It was delightful to know that the tender praise of his friends the clergymen was not perfunctory, that they said of Chancellor Benedict what they knew, and that every man in the great congregation who also knew him answered with a heartfelt Amen.

PERSONAL.

Concerning books, Mr. Wendell Phillips said, recently, in alluding to the smallness of his library: "I have so many places to put my money that I could not afford a large library. Then a citizen does not need a large library here, where we are all so well supplied with public libraries. One needs the encyclopedias, dictionaries, and some general works of reference only. Mr. Sumner did not have an extensive library; but when he wanted to prepare an article or speech, he would gather from all the libraries within his reach all the works on that subject, sometimes four hundred or more volumes. On entering his room these would be found on the table, on the floor, in the windows, scattered all over the room, some open in front, some near the close, others in the middle, and he would ransack every one of them."

—Mr. William Barnet Kinney, who died a few days ago at the age of eighty, had long, and by common consent, stood at the head of the editorial profession in New Jersey. He studied three professions—theology, law, and medicine, and finally became a journalist, the founder, proprietor, and editor of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, a paper of national position, noted for its scholarship, strength, and elevation of tone. In 1850 President Taylor appointed Mr. Kinney Minister to Italy, where he remained three years. During twelve years following he resided in the principal cities of Europe, returning to the United States in 1865. Since then he has lived in comparative retirement. Mr. Kinney was a man of scholarly tastes and habits, an elegant and forcible writer, and a brilliant conversationalist.

—"Important, if true," and especially pleasant to the parties in interest, was an incident that occurred at the marriage of Mr. William Converse Skinner and Miss Florence C. Roberts, at Hartford, on the 20th of October. The father of the bride is a manufacturer of large wealth, and the groom was lately made a partner in the firm. The incident to which we refer was a wedding present from Mr. Roberts to the young couple of a check for $100,000. At least that was the telegraphic announcement, and the wires are usually accurate.

—Mr. Samuel Watkins, who died recently in Nashville, Tennessee, bequeathed $138,000 to that city for the establishment of a polytechnic institution.

—Erastus C. Benedict, who died in this city on the 22d of October, at the age of eighty, was one of our ablest lawyers, and most useful and public-spirited citizens. In the legal profession he was known as being especially strong in matters relating to admiralty, and as the author of a work entitled *American Admiralty*, which is a text-book on the subject, and has run through many editions. He took a prominent part in our public-school affairs, and for several years was President of the Board of Education. He was also interested largely in establishing the College of the City of New York, and twenty-five years ago was appointed by the Legislature one of the Board of Regents of the University of the State. Forty years ago he served as a member of the Common Council, and subsequently as member of the Assembly, and as State Senator. He possessed fine literary taste, and was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day.

—In an address delivered recently by Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, at Cheshire, Connecticut, pleasant allusion is made to Dr. Bronson, who for many years was at the head of Cheshire Academy. From childhood he had a strong inclination both for learning and for the Church. His father, though a man of substance, had a large family, and could not afford to give them all the advantages that he could wish. So his wife, who could spin and weave, used to put her daughter to the spinning-wheel, and herself to the loom, and weave cloth and spin yarn; and then she would saddle her horse, and carry it into New Haven, twenty-five miles, and sell it there; and with the money she paid young Tilly's college bills. She wove her boy through college. Her husband, in his little church four miles away at Church Hollow, for some time read the service, led the singing, and read the sermon; and it was his custom to saddle two horses, take his wife or his daughter on a pillion behind him with one horse, while a daughter, or a son and a daughter, rode the other horse, and thus went to church in all weathers.

—Mr. Marcus Richardson, of Bangor, Maine, who has just reached the age of one hundred years, has been a Mason for seventy-seven years, and is probably the oldest member of the fraternity living.

—Postmaster-General Maynard did a proper and a kindly act in directing that all magazines, pamphlets, and other like reading matter received at the Dead-letter Office shall hereafter, instead of being sold for waste paper, be distributed to charitable and reformatory institutions in and around Washington.

—Young King Alfonso is no sluggard. Up with dawn in winter and before seven in summer, he reads and works, and holds his councils before noon. He reads foreign as well as Spanish papers, and receives daily the London *Times*, *Indépendance Belge*, *Les Débats*, and other journals. He likes to read English history, and says very bluntly that he would fain seek his models in countries like England, Italy, and Belgium.

—This curious "personal" is taken from a most readable book, *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, just published by Harper & Brothers:

> "The grandfather, Sir Stephen Fox, had acquired a large fortune out of certain lucrative places under the government. He had several sons, who were all childless; and at the age of seventy-six, after his retirement from the Treasury, 'unwilling that so plentiful an estate should go out of the name, and being of a vegete and hale constitution,' he took to wife the daughter of a Grantham clergyman, who brought him twins within the twelvemonth. He had attended Charles the First on the scaffold, and he lived to discuss the execution of Lord Derwentwater. One of his daughters by the first marriage is said to have died while a baby. Lady Sarah Napier, the sister of his daughter-in-law, survived until the year 1826; and there is no reason to question the tradition that Charles James Fox had two aunts who died *a hundred and seventy years from each other*."

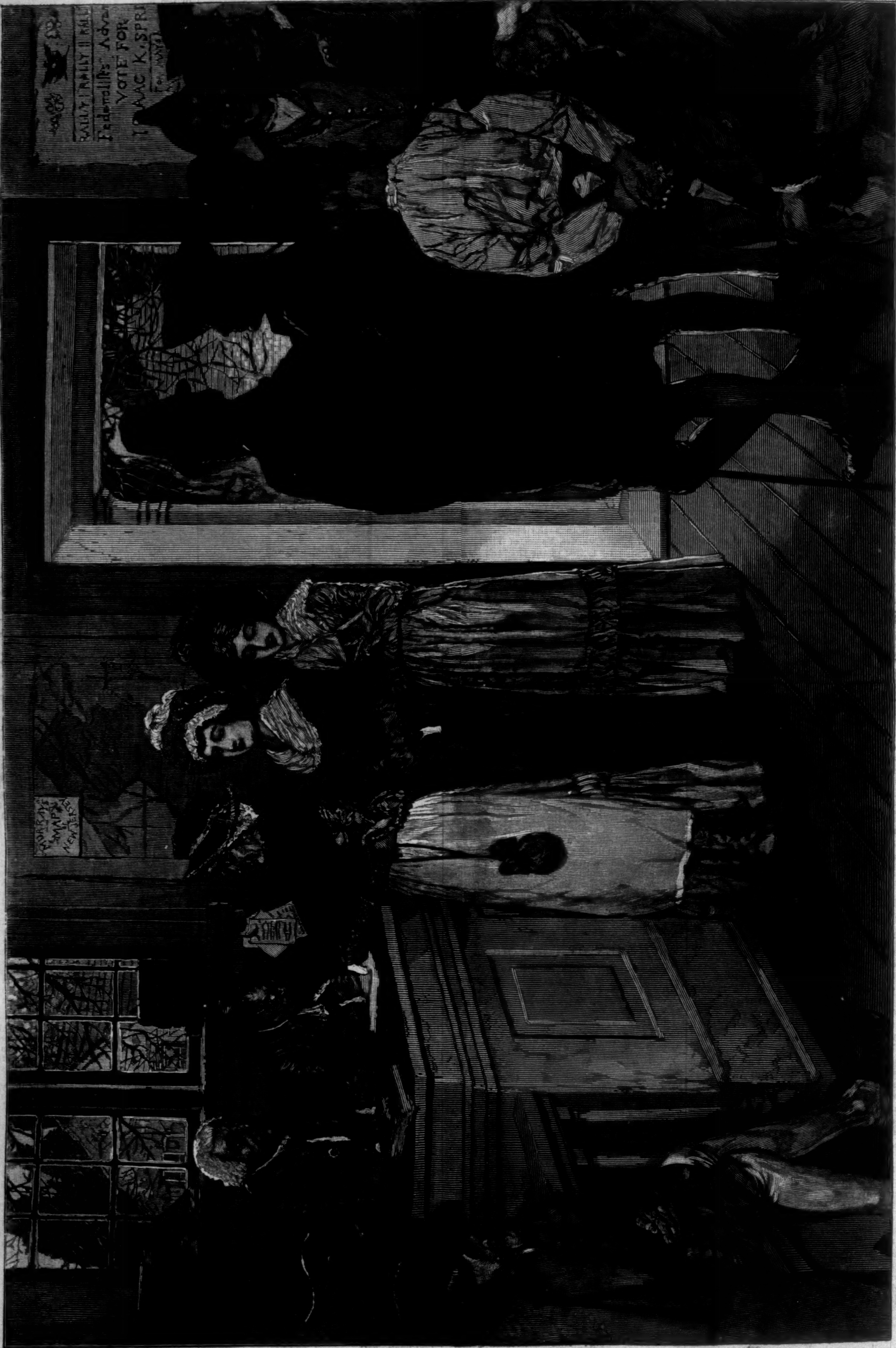
—Professor Tracy Peck, the new Professor of Latin at Yale College, prefers the Roman system of pronunciation, and will probably introduce it with the next class.

—Mr. Charles W. West, of Cincinnati, recently offered to give $150,000 toward the erection of an art museum in that city, provided another $150,000 was raised by the citizens, which has been promply done, and $11,000 over.

—Mrs. Mary Shields, of Philadelphia, who died recently, left an estate of nearly $500,000. After bequeathing $20,000 to Laurel Hill Cemetery in trust, the income to be expended in keeping the Shields vault in perfect order, $10,000, the income to be devoted to the purchase and distribution of coal to the poor, and $5000 to the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty, the remainder of the estate is left as follows: one-sixth part each to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Institution for the Blind, Old Men's Home, Home of Mercy (Episcopal) for the Cure of Consumption, Indigent Widows' and Single Women's Asylum (Protestant), and one-twelfth each to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Relief of the Sick and Insane Poor, and to the city of Philadelphia for the sick and poor in the almshouse.

—To play for high stakes at "keerds," when one does not understand the game, is sometimes a perilous manœuvre. When the late Baron Bodisco was Russian Minister at Washington he gave very fine dinners. After dinner, on one occasion, some of the guests sat down to a game of whist, at which the baron was not an expert, and he lost over a thousand dollars. At the supper table he announced, in sad tones, "Ladies and gentlemens!—It is my disagree-able duty to make the announce that these receptions must have an end, and to declare them at end for the present—because why? The fund for their expend, ladies and gentlemens, is exhaust, and they must discontinue."

—For the first time in this country, in the record of the settlement of a large estate, the expressed wishes of a rich man have been literally followed by his heirs rather than their legal rights as expressed in his will. Mr. Joshua T. Jeanes, who died in January last in Philadelphia, left an estate of about $1,000,000, bequeathing to his two brothers and two sisters $100,000 each, and to his sisters additionally all his real estate in Philadelphia. It was the intention of the testator to make certain bequests to public institutions and a few friends, but this he neglected to do; but the brothers and sisters decided not only to have the wishes of the testator carried out, but consented to an equal division of the estate between them after the gifts to institutions and individuals and the expenses incident to the transfer of the property were deducted. Of the total amount five gifts of $2000 each were paid to individuals, and the following donations were made: Working Home for Blind Women, $5000; Working Home for Blind Men, $5000; Women's Hospital, $20,000; Academy of Natural Sciences, $20,000; Penn Asylum, $5000. The very large sum of $46,444 40 was paid to Register-of-Wills Taylor as a collateral inheritance tax. The balance of $874,214 81 was divided into four equal shares of $218,214 each, for each of the surviving brothers and sisters. This estate of nearly $1,000,000 was settled up within eight months of the time it was taken into court.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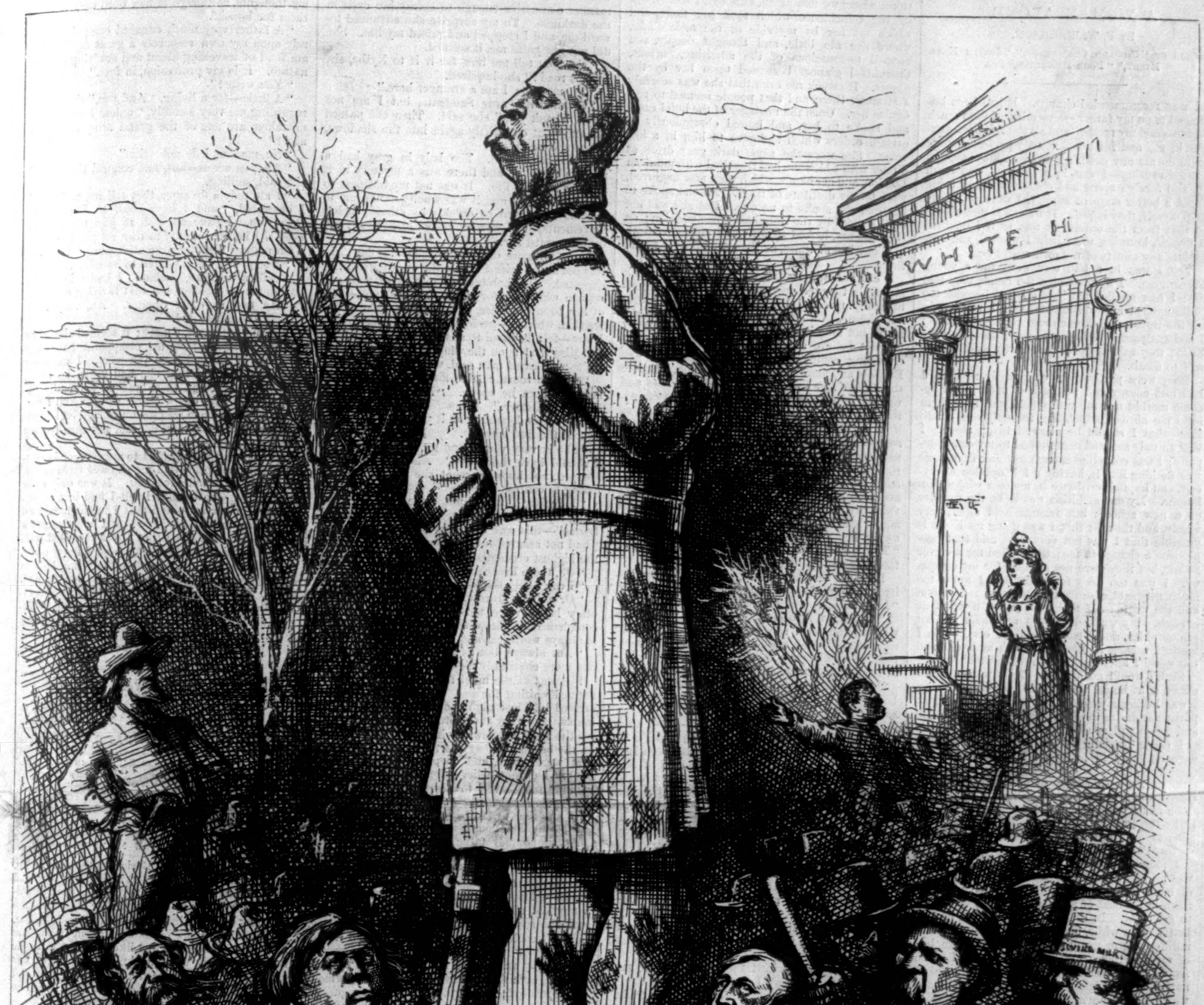
WOMEN AT THE POLLS IN NEW JERSEY IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 723.]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WHAT A PITY!

Miss Columbia (*housekeeper*). "Ever since you've put him up, and handled him, how you have besmeared him, and you've even turned his head!"

A WOMAN ALONE.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

I was recommended change. It had been impressed upon my father—a member of the French Senate—and my mother and all the relatives anxious in me and for me that only perfect change could do me any good. I was in a low way, and wanted rousing—I was in a bad way, and fresh air and foreign scene and character might bring about a better state of mind, if I were willing to help myself, they hoped. It was as if they doubted that from the outset—it was as if I doubted it myself, knowing what help I wanted, and how useless any efforts of my own would be.

Yes, I was in a bad way, even for a young Frenchman. I had reflected too much, they told me; I had studied too hard; I had become too philosophical and argumentative. I was up in all the theories of French and German savants; I had analyzed all beliefs, and yet believed in very little; they said at home that I was reading myself to death.

They were partly right, and partly wrong. I had lost energy and strength of late, I had become morbid and misanthropical, and I let them send me abroad, stipulating for only one condition—that I should be allowed to go alone. I was an only son, and accustomed to my own company; I was conceited enough to think that there was nothing like it, having a fair opinion of myself, and implicit credence in my own wild speculations. My one ambition was to be the founder of a new school; but friends held aloof, very wisely, and thought that I was going mad. It is possible that I was not very wise, and that people saw a change in me; they called me a clever fellow, but they were not anxious for my company. I was too deep for them, and I knew too much, they said, of everything but men and women and the world! If this were satire, it was true enough. My world had been all books and all philosophies, and I cared for little else. Men I loathed, women I thought childish and vain, and the world I knew was selfish to its backbone.

Still, I would go abroad. They were anxious about it at home, where I had no wish to stay. I was killing myself by overstudy, and I had no particular desire to die, though life seemed a dull and commonplace affair to me.

I chose England for a resting-place. They were curious folk in England, I had heard, and there I might be fortunate enough to meet a kindred spirit—a somebody to understand me, and sympathize with all my aspirations, my ambition to be of benefit to society and a shining light in it, by the founding of a school for the general good of a community which in the aggregate I despised already.

I found no one of my tastes and feelings; I was an enthusiast, and English folk were afraid of me. I raved and gesticulated too much for them in my heat of argument, and they were glad to get away. In this English country I had felt better for a while, but the deep, deadly sense of indifference to mankind came to me again, born of my experience of shallow men, and I passed from London to the sea-side, making toward my native France again, after months of a change which had done me little good. This was the first step toward a new life—to the romance and mystery floating beyond the world of science and sober fact in which I had been submerged. As the poets say, my time had come at last, my fate had stepped across the border-land toward me. And Fate was a woman, of course.

This fate, then—a dark-haired, dark-eyed lady of above the middle height, a young lady whose years had not numbered a score, and who was so strangely beautiful that people gazed with wonder at her, as at a picture by some master-hand—crossed my path, entered the same railway carriage with me, glanced critically but not boldly at the faces of her fellow-passengers, and then looked steadily from the window until the whistle sounded, and the train was moving from the station. Hers was a face which attracted me at once, although until that hour I had been a woman-hater. It was hardly its beauty—say, rather, the strangeness of its beauty, and the depth of its expression. There was great intelligence, I was sure, behind those well-drawn features; there was a deep sadness, even, endeavoring to disguise itself by a set mobility; there were trouble and anxiety, but there was also the courage to resist. I thought all this as I watched my fellow-traveller, and I sketched a story from her face very far from the truth—as was natural, deep thinker though I was.

She did not seem to notice those who travelled with her again. To the end of her journey she read numerous letters, which she drew from a small valise resting on her lap—letters which were in various handwritings, and bore always foreign postmarks. Once or twice during the perusal of these epistles I observed that she smiled—smiled brightly and hopefully—and the light upon her face then was very fair to see. That she attracted me strangely I have said, and that it was not for her beauty I was assured. One of my facts or fallacies in which the world would not believe was that there were men or women, or both, born to meet each other at a predestined period of life, who were forever steadily approaching to one fixed point, and were all their lives, directly or indirectly, influencing each other by strange subtle means of which philosophy knew nothing, and cared less. And this might be the life that had been waiting for me, and was already influencing my own. I did not think so at the time, although impressed by the sad, thoughtful face, by the story in it, and marvelling already why she travelled alone, and what her mission on this weary earth might be.

I scarcely thought so at the hotel at Folkestone, where we met again, although I was struck by the coincidence which took her there, and which set her by my side at the *table d'hôte*, where she ate little, and thought deeply, and seemed unconscious of the admiring, curious, thoughtful glances bestowed upon her by the guests. It struck me even that she was scarcely a stranger there, and that people seemed to recognize her. Once the manager of the hotel came and spoke to her, and bowed obsequiously to certain orders which she gave to him in a low voice. She wore the same dark gray dress at dinner with which she had travelled with me from London, and her hands, which were now ungloved, were totally destitute of rings. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to no one. But she was not embarrassed by the isolation of her position; on the contrary, looked steadily and almost critically about her at times, as if in search of a friend there.

I did not address her on my own part, albeit strangely tempted once or twice. I was preternaturally reserved by the habits of my youth, and there was a doubt in my mind whether she might not take it as an offense, and resent it. I did not believe she had recognized me as her travelling companion, and I thought she was English, and more reserved than I even. Before the *table d'hôte* was quite finished she rose and walked gracefully the full length of the dining-room, looking at the guests, as she passed on, as if half-expectant still of the friend amongst them somewhere, but betraying no emotion or embarrassment at the attention which she received in return. As she passed from the room, a short stout man who had sat on the other side of her, and who was to me the very personification of vulgarity, with his greasy face and coarse broad smile, leaned across the chair left vacant between us by her departure, and said, in a loud voice, "The lady in gray is back again, after all. I took odds on the event last month."

I did not respond at first. Then a new curiosity led me to ask questions of this familiar being. "Is she often here?" I asked.

"Oh yes, very often," he replied; "winter as well as summer, I run against her. Always the same stand-offish style—I can't bear stuck-up people—and always in that gray dress, or in a dress of the same color, hanged if I know which."

"Is there anything remarkable in her being here? You are here very often yourself, I presume?"

"Yes; I travel for Toats's firm—you know Toats & Twirl of Cannon Street—and so I'm always going backward and forward between London and Paris. And I see a good deal of Miss Gray, as I call her—I've heard her other name, but dashed if I can call it to mind—and the more I see of her, the less I make her out. She's just as much on the other side of the Channel; always at the Grand Hotel, Boulogne, and always nothing to do but dawdle about the place reading lots of letters. I've seen her sit for hours on the beach outside, too, staring at the sea like a woman melancholy mad: you will see her yourself to-morrow. She's an odd one, I can tell you—quite a mystery here."

"Indeed," I said, growing tired of my friend's loquacity, which was not to be readily suppressed now.

"You're in the wine trade, ain't you?" he said, suddenly. "Haven't I met you—"

"I am not in the wine trade, or in any trade."

"Oh, I see, a regular gent, taking it easy. Well, there's nothing like it if the coin will hold out. French, of course?"

"Yes, I am a Frenchman."

"Going across to-morrow, or going to make a stay here? *I* go across to-morrow," he added, by way of an extra inducement for me to continue my journey. This last remark decided my course of action.

"I shall remain here a few days," I replied.

"If you make it a few weeks I shall be back again. My name's Saunders."

I did not reciprocate his confidence. I was tired of the man's obtrusiveness, and anxious to get from him. I did not think that he would trouble me presently, and be one of the links of a chain that was being forged already for me. I only knew that here was a specimen of the English bagman unnaturally developed, and that every word he said jarred upon me unpleasantly. I got up to withdraw. The dinner was over, and I cared not to linger over bad wine and an indifferent dessert.

"I'll give you one tip before you go," he said, touching my arm and grinning at me. "Don't try to talk to the lady in gray. She don't care to speak to anybody, and she can shut you up with half a look. By George! it *is* a scorcher of a look, pretty as she is. I sha'n't forget her in a hurry. I wouldn't have sat here if I had known she was coming this evening. If you are going to have a cigar anywhere, Bill Saunders is your man, you know."

"Thank you; I shall be engaged this evening."

"Oh, no offense; just as you like. I'm never hard up for a pal."

I thought this was the end of Mr. Saunders, and that he was not likely to cross my path again. I had not met a man before whom I had so quickly disliked as he. This was the Englishman of the farce, more like the beings my countrymen depicted than any I had encountered yet.

I went out to the high-road, and the parade upon the Leas, walking past the few holiday folk left, and the band that was braying for their amusement; walking on as far as Sandgate, and descending the cliffs to the lower road, where I found that there was a return route nearer to the sea. The evenings were "drawing in" at that period; it was the middle of October, when the night falls early, and the breeze from the sea is keen and cold after sundown. I walked back toward my hotel at a rapid rate. Half way toward Folkestone I came upon the lady in gray, walking as rapidly in the opposite direction. I was sure it was she. There was a grace and manner distinctive enough to betray her even in the darkness. To my surprise she advanced toward me, and I stopped and raised my hat. She did not recognize me, it seemed.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Hythe, sir, by this road?" she inquired.

"No, madam; I am a stranger here."

"I think it's near Sandgate, but I am not sure. Thank you," she said. Then she passed me, and went on swiftly again into the shadows, where she was lost.

I was bewildered. The lady in gray had a mission to fulfill, and there was a mystery in it and her isolated life. It was not my business to interfere with it, and it was wholly unlike me to become impressed so quickly by other people's movements, but I was interested in her—ay, and drawn toward her.

I saw no more of her the following day; she was not at the *table d'hôte* in the evening, as I had expected. Old habitués of this hotel, men and women who were forever in its precincts, spoke of her, to my surprise, at the dinner table, with a freedom which I—perfect stranger to her though I was—felt disposed to answer.

"Miss Gray is on the wing again," a red-faced, white-mustached man said, with a short laugh.

"Quite a romance, this flitting," answered the lady to whom he spoke. "I should be glad to know her history."

"You may depend upon it you never will," answered the first speaker.

"She is very young, and so very quiet, too, or I should have thought—" And then the lady stopped, not knowing what she thought, or not caring to confess it.

"I declare I would not come here at all, or bring my innocent daughters here, if Monsieur de Lorme"—this was the proprietor of the hotel—"had not assured me that she came to him with the highest credentials from abroad."

"Oh, these Frenchmen will say anything!"

"I can't help thinking she's an actress."

"Or an adventuress," said another voice—another lady's voice, too—"or worse. I have no confidence in ladies with a mystery—the mystery is always worthless and discreditable."

"Not always, but very often, certainly," said one more charitably disposed.

She was at the hotel the following day, and I seemed waiting for her. I knew that she had arrived late last night—a chance inquiry of an inquisitive visitor at the breakfast table had given me the news. I saw her in the morning reading on the beach—sitting apart from the few visitors that were there, and deeply interested in her book. I do not believe she looked up from her volume once—even to regard the sea, foaming and lashing against the shingle furiously that day. I sat at a distance watching this mysterious lady, and hardly conscious I was watching her.

At the dinner table we were together once more. Strangely enough I had chosen the seat next her again. As she came down the room I felt my heart beating faster than its wont, lest she should pass the chair vacant on my left. For a moment she paused, and even hesitated, then took the seat, and looked for an instant at me. Before I could remember the commercial traveller's story of her austere reserve, or think even of my own, by an impulse for which I could hardly account, save that it was natural to be courteous to one whose face had grown familiar as a guest's, I bowed low, and murmured a good-evening. She returned my salutation promptly, and with a faint smile. There was no vexation at being addressed, as I had almost anticipated and feared from the traveller's legend of two nights ago.

"Good-evening," she replied. She seemed less thoughtful, and more observant. The number had thinned at the hotel; the old gentleman with the white mustache had gone to London; Saunders, of the firm of Toats & Twirl, had not returned from Paris; one or two new faces, pale with the voyage across, were at the dinner table; several of the old were missing.

I was wondering if I dared speak to her again, when she addressed me so suddenly that I started and colored strangely. "Do you intend a long stay here?" she inquired.

"I—I hardly know, madam. I am not pressed for time."

"It is not a place where much amusement is to be found at this time of the year—the nights are long, and the air is cold."

"I am travelling for my health, unfortunately—not for amusement."

"Indeed!" she said, with some interest in her tone of voice. "I should not have thought you were an invalid."

"I dispute the assertion myself at home, but there are friends in France who will not take my word."

"You are French?"

"Oh yes."

"You speak English excellently; it's only your appearance which is French."

I hardly admired this remark—it might be taken either way; and yet it was scarcely likely that this young girl would attempt to satirize me thus early in our acquaintance; for we *had* become acquainted. It was all very strange; I could see some wondering looks across the table at us, but it was a pleasant thought to me. She was particularly observant, for suddenly a little musical laugh escaped her, and she said, in a lower tone:

"Our good friends opposite are taking it for granted that we have met before. It is so seldom that I care to speak to any one at this place—certainly not to any Englishman."

"You are French, then, also?"

"My father is French, my mother is an Englishwoman."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her where her father was living, and why she was always travelling alone. In my eager curiosity the question had nearly escaped me. But I was silent, and to my great surprise she appeared to reply to my thoughts, as though it had been easy to read them for herself.

"A father very much engaged compels me to rely upon my own resources a great deal, and I am fond of travelling about and studying human nature. It is my profession, in fact."

"You write?"

"A little—for a living. And you," she added, regarding me very steadily, "unless I am greatly mistaken, are one of the grand army of letters, also?"

"No, madam, I do not write."

"Ah, you are modest, and conceal the truth," she said, smiling.

"I am only a dreamer, they tell me at home," I answered, "and I have come to England to dream on. I have no wish to join the *literati*, even if I had the ability to turn my pen to profit. I am neither novelist, dramatist, nor poet."

"Nor poet," she repeated to herself.

"Only a dreamer, madam. I had a hope one day to my philosophy, but that is dying out."

"As fast as other dreams. Ah, they soon fade!" she murmured.

She did not say any more; it seemed almost as if she had turned from me, disappointed that her estimate of me had been incorrect. I was only one of the crowd that she had taken so much pains to avoid, and there was no sympathy between us. This was a clever woman, and I was a weak fool. I had said too much, and let her see how shallow I was, and she did not care for my boy's philosophy.

I made no further effort to engage her in conversation; my pride told me she was tired of me, and I was very quickly silent. It was only after she had withdrawn that I felt I had lost an advantage in her eyes, and that I might have said something to prove at least that I had thought a great deal. I noticed that I was regarded with some suspicion by the guests, and I knew afterward that it was the first time the young lady in gray had been seen to converse at length with any of the visitors at the hotel. I was the favored one—or the old friend lurking about in disguise, and for some hidden purpose which they hoped to fathom presently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1202.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WITH PHŒBE MAYSON.

Having brought Mr. Barlow to the door of No. 53, the waiter discreetly left him there to proceed as he thought fit, for which that gentleman hardly knew whether to be grateful or otherwise, the business on hand being such a very delicate one. However, the more he thought about it, the less he felt very sure he was likely to like it, so he knocked gently with his knuckles. There was no answer, but he heard a rustle of silk, as of some one rising hastily from her chair; then he knocked again more sharply.

"Come in," said a female voice in English.

The next moment he stood in the same room with the speaker, but not face to face with her. She had been sitting, as he conjectured, by the door, but had hastily moved away at his summons and retired into a recess near the window, where she stood in shadow. A tall, slight woman, but of shapely figure, with a great deal of fine brown hair—much lighter, it struck him, than Amy's—and a pair of beautiful eyes marred by tears. The tears were not standing in them but had only just been swept away, and their traces, notwithstanding the precaution she had taken, were distinct enough to him.

"Your business, sir?" she inquired, sharply, in a tone of annoyance rather than alarm, though she looked frightened also.

"It is with Mr. Butt," said Mr. Barlow.

"My husband is not in. Did they not tell you so at the gate?"

"Yes, madam; but they could give me no other information—such as when he would be likely to return, for example—so I ventured to come up."

"I know nothing of Mr. Butt's movements," she said, stolidly. "If you have any message for him, however, you can leave it."

"Just so. That is what I wish to do. May I take it for granted that you are aware of his object in coming to Paris?"

She hesitated and changed color; her eyes glanced round the little sitting-room, as if in search of something that might be lying on chair or table, then answered, "No, sir; I know nothing of Mr. Butt's business matters."

"You know at least, however, that the name he now passes under is not his real name?"

"That can scarcely be *your* business, sir," she replied, haughtily, and drawing herself up to her full height. She was certainly very beautiful, more so by far than her picture made her out to be, though at that moment, being *posée* and so far not herself, she resembled it more than at first. But its expression of gayety and *abandon* was altogether absent from the original; she looked care-worn, and wan and pale, except for the flush of anger that his question had called into her cheek.

"Pray forgive me if I appear rude, madam," continued Mr. Barlow. "My mission is so urgent."

"Still it can hardly concern *me*, sir," she put in.

"Pardon me, but it does, madam, at least partly. I am come here on behalf of one whom both of you have wronged, though not, indeed, in the same proportion."

"I have wronged no one."

"Not willfully, madam, let us hope; though it is difficult for one to believe that you are unaware that Mr. Butt, as he calls himself, is a married man."

"Married! How dare you say so? It is false."

She spoke with passion, but not, as Mr. Barlow thought, with that natural indignation which a woman who had really been deceived would have exhibited. Indeed, now he came to think about it, it was hardly possible that Phœbe Mayson, however cut off by her own act from her former life and its sources of information, could have been ignorant of Matthew's marriage.

"Unhappily, madam, it is true. You have been the cause, even though it be the unconscious cause, of the desolation of a happy household, of the desertion of a loving and most trustful wife."

To his surprise she uttered a shrill and scornful laugh. "That is too much," she said. "You are exceeding your instructions; I know now from whom you come."

"If you do so, madam, there is no need for bitterness, but for pity; and, I must add, for contrition. It is a poor triumph to exult over the pure and innocent; and, if I am not mistaken, will be a short-lived one."

"Are you an actor?" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "Or are you a madman?"

"My name is Frank Barlow: shall I tell you what was yours before you became Lucy Mortlock, or Mrs. Butt? It was Phœbe Mayson."

She had advanced a step or two in her excitement, but now shrank back into the recess again; her limbs trembled visibly and her voice shook as she replied: "What if it was? What is that to you, or anybody?" The last word had a pitiful touch in it which did not escape the other's ear.

"To me, indeed, nothing," he replied, "but everything to her whom you have wronged. If you were any one but Phœbe Mayson, who won his first love and cast it from you, neither your beauty nor any wiles at your command would have sufficed to steal her husband from her. As it is, taking advantage of that treacherous weapon, you have pierced her heart with it. Nay, more, you have not only seduced him from his home and the true hearts that loved him, but you have been the cause—is it possible that you can not know it?—of his forsaking the path of honesty and disgracing his name and nature. Yes, woman, it lies at your door, and no other's, that Matthew Helston is a thief."

"Matthew Helston!" She clasped her hands upon her bosom and stared at him in wild amazement. "Matthew Helston?" she reiterated. "What do you know of him? or rather what lies are these you have heard about him and dare repeat to me—to *me?* Matthew Helston a thief! He is an angel! He is a man without a fault, except that years ago he trusted to a woman's word. I thought myself debased and shamed beyond all human creatures," she exclaimed, with sudden vehemence, "but you, you slanderer and blasphemer, you are viler yet!"

Mr. Barlow answered nothing, but quietly took from his pocket a newspaper containing the offer of the reward for Helston's apprehension, and pointed to it with his finger.

"It is a lie," she muttered between her teeth. "He never took those jewels."

"How do you know that?" inquired Mr. Barlow, quietly. "Have you any evidence to prove the contrary?"

"I know it because I know *him*," she answered. "Evidence! Do you think a man who has been scorned and cheated, and forgives—"

"One moment, madam," interposed the lawyer, earnestly. "You are altogether in error in supposing that I wish aught but good to Matthew Helston; nay, if it were possible, I would not *think* aught but good of him. I am here on behalf of him and his. If you too wish him well—"

"Wish him well?" she echoed, clasping her hands together. "I would give—though that, indeed, would be a worthless gift—my very life to serve him."

"I know not whether you *can* serve him, madam," returned the lawyer, gravely, "but it is possible. There are passages in his life, it appears, of which those who thought they knew him best are ignorant. If you will, you can throw light upon them, and in so doing, it may be, cast a gleam on what is at present the profoundest mystery. He has been lost to wife and child and friends for many days; and with him, as you read, have disappeared these jewels. It was my own impression—now, I perceive, a false one—that he had fled with you to France."

"With me? No, no, sir," she answered, in a gentle, piteous voice. "He has been good and kind to me, but his love for me is dead. How should it be otherwise, since I am base and vile, and he of all men knows it best? It might have been at one time. Look you: a man thirsts—sees a fair and running brook, but can not reach it; later on and lower down it becomes accessible enough, but, since it has run through muddy ways, he turns from it with loathing. So it was with him and me. I never loved him as he should be loved, for I was never worthy, but for the sake of the old times, and though all was soil and sin with me, he took compassion on me. There was a man, no matter who, for whom I forsook him. After a little this man grew tired of me, and cast me off—as I deserved. Then I fell lower and lower. Once, lately, Matthew Helston saw me in the street and spoke to me—words that he meant for kindness, but which were coals of fire. He was but poor himself, yet he offered me help—which I refused—to lift me from the mire. But I took my own way. This man who calls himself Mr. Butt offered me marriage. To be the wife of even one like him (God help me!) was promotion. Why, you are asking yourself, should he have conferred it on me? I did not put that question to myself, but had I done so I should have answered that I had still attractions for eyes like his; that no honest woman would have married him, and that to those of the baser sort I was superior in many ways. Not a very exalted estimate, you will say, of my poor merits; yet it seems I had appraised them far too high. He went through the form of marriage, indeed; but I have reason to know that it was null and void; and so far (I say it, though a woman—so you may judge what I have suffered) I am thankful to him."

Her tone throughout was one of the deepest humiliation and despondency, save when she spoke of the man passing as her husband, when the memory of recent cruelty and insult seemed to rouse a momentary bitterness.

Mr. Barlow, though scandalized, was touched. Whatever sins this woman had committed, he felt she had been punished for them.

"If this man is not your husband," he said, gently, "you can escape from him. If my advice can be of any service—or you require the means to return to England—"

"I thank you, sir," she said, with less of gratitude, however, in her tone than of self-contempt, "but what becomes of me is a small matter. We were speaking of Matthew Helston."

"True; I was in hopes that you could tell me how this Mr. Butt was in possession of the fact that Helston was in Paris and endeavoring to dispose of the jewels. That it is so I have reason to know, since I have just come from M. Monteur, a diamond merchant—"

"In the Rue de Bris?" interrupted the other.

"Yes; how did you know that?"

"Mr. Butt has been there on business, to my knowledge."

"Indeed! On what business?"

"I believe to sell some family diamonds. That is what I thought you came about. There is something amiss with them, I'm certain. I thought they might be lying about the room when you came in, which frightened me."

"Have you ever seen them?" inquired the lawyer, quickly.

"Yes; Mr. Butt showed them to me quite recently."

"Are they like these?" inquired Mr. Barlow, producing the drawing of the *parure*.

She shook her head. "I can not tell," she said. "They have been taken out of their setting; that is what first aroused my suspicions."

"You say 'first aroused.' Did anything afterward confirm them?"

"Well, I can not say they were confirmed before you put your questions. This man, however—my husband, as he is called—has been nervous, fidgety, and, I think, alarmed of late. He receives many telegrams which seem to annoy him. He is out, as he says, on business, all day long, and returns dissatisfied and disappointed. He was particularly so after his visit to the Rue de Bris. I know he went there, for I waited for him in the cab outside."

"I think I have it," exclaimed Mr. Barlow, eagerly. "See here, this is a full-length portrait of Mr. Helston; does it bear any resemblance to Mr. Butt?"

Again she shook her head. "Not in the least," she said, contemptuously. "It is Hyperion to a Satyr."

Mr. Barlow's countenance fell. "Please, however, to describe the man."

"He is of middle height and rather stoutly built. His hair is brown; his expression, as I have said, dissatisfied and gloomy."

Mr. Barlow struck his palms together with a cry of triumph.

"It is as I suspected; though unlike to the eye, the description of these two men tally tolerably well. Helston never went to the Rue de Bris, but only Mr. Butt. And Mr. Butt is Captain Langton."

"It is possible," returned the other, coolly. "He told me but yesterday that he married me under a feigned name. Does that throw light on anything?"

"It does, it does; much light," answered the lawyer, thoughtfully; "but not enough. The question of what became of Helston on that night in Moor Street, even if this Langton is the thief, remains as dark as ever."

"Moor Street, Moor Street," repeated the other; "where have I seen that name before?"

"Think, madam, think," exclaimed the lawyer, earnestly. "Everything may hang upon your reply."

"No, I remember now," she said, after a moment's reflection. "I have not seen it, but I have heard it spoken of."

"By whom? By Butt?"

"Yes. He has read a telegram in my presence with Moor Street in it. I feel certain of it."

"How came he to do that?"

"He did not know that he was doing it. These telegrams which are continually arriving seem to excite him strangely."

"Can you let me see one of them?"

"I can not; he destroys them directly he has read them. But, stay—they sometimes come in his absence. I will open the next and let you have a copy of it. I will search his papers; no stone shall be left unturned to aid you in your discovery."

"But that may get you into trouble; the man is, by your own showing, a ruffian, and, as we have now reason to believe, in desperate case."

"I told you that for Matthew Helston's sake I would lay down my life," she interrupted, vehemently. "But you need not fear on my account. I am a match for him in wits, and will be careful. That reminds me that he may return at any moment. He must not find you here. Give me your address, and trust to me. To-morrow morning at latest—perhaps to-night—you will have a line from me."

"But money may be wanting," urged Mr. Barlow, producing his purse.

"No, no," she cried, imploringly. "I have a few shillings of my own, which will be sufficient; let me do him what good I can at my own cost. Go, go, and trust to me."

Mr. Barlow did trust implicitly in her good-will to help him. He understood, if he did not wholly appreciate, the woman's desire to show her gratitude to Matthew, and her devotion to his interests; but of the result he was far from sanguine. That Langton was at all events a participator in the robbery in Moor Street he had little doubt; that the diamonds in his possession were Lady Pargiter's he was almost certain, since Monsieur Monteur had recognized them; but the proof of this, he felt, would be far from easy. If the girl had still possessed any hold upon Langton's affections, she might, perhaps, have wormed out of him something of great importance; but it was plain that the ill-assorted pair had quarrelled. The man must know that, every moment during which the jewels remained undisposed of, his position was growing more perilous; he was already, she had said, suspicious and alarmed. How was it possible, then, that she could throw him off his guard, so as to obtain from him any information? She had promised to search his effects, but it was very improbable that he would suffer anything of a compromising character to be in existence. If even he could be seized (which he could not, since there was no warrant for his apprehension), and the diamonds found upon him, that would only affect the man himself—it would not bring him (Mr. Barlow) one hair's-breadth nearer to the object of his mission.

He went back to his hotel, locked himself into his room, and set to work to think the matter over; but it surprised himself, considering the strength of the impressions and suspicions which crowded his mind, how very little he could make of them as regarded Matthew. That Langton, indeed, had an object in representing Helston as the thief was evident; but there was no sort of clew to his having any real knowledge either of him or his whereabouts.

In the end he wrote a long and minute account of all that had come to his knowledge since his arrival in Paris to Mr. Brail; and bade him hold himself in readiness to act at once on the receipt of any telegram.

Up to midnight, at which hour he retired to seek the rest he so much needed, no message had arrived for him from Phœbe Mayson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE usual autumn reception at the American Museum of Natural History took place on October 26, the trustees and many visitors being present. Among the additions which have been made since the last reception in May are a collection of land and fresh-water shells, containing typical specimens figured in the works of Benney and Bland; three skeletons of Australians; six hundred new specimens in the North American collection of birds; seven manuscript geological maps of Eastern North America; encrinites and fossils from several formations; weapons and carvings from New Zealand; stone axes from New Guinea; a war canoe; and ornaments and carvings from British Columbia. All the treasures of this institution are carefully arranged according to the best scientific principles, and the trustees hope to make the place still more attractive. Pupils in higher schools and colleges would find at this Museum excellent opportunities of advancing their knowledge of natural history.

The matter of selecting a site for the World's Fair of 1883 seems to be attended with many perplexities and difficulties. At present the committee charged with the duty of selecting the most eligible location are busy examining sites, many having been suggested. It is, of course, highly desirable to have the location a thoroughly good one in every respect.

Prescribing an overdose of opium, with the expectation that a part of it will be spilled when it is administered to the patient, is a novel system of medical practice. But such seems to be the method of a certain physician of this city, who was recently arrested on charge of malpractice. He prescribed ten drops of opium tincture to be given to a young infant. The child's mother was told by the druggist that the dose was excessive, and so she gave only seven drops, but death resulted. The doctor explained that he expected several drops would be spilled when the medicine was administered, and, moreover, that he told the mother to give strong coffee if the child fell into a doze.

Electricity is now used to light the Mount Vesuvius Railway, some of the lamps being so arranged as to illuminate the sides and crater of the volcano. The effect is said to be magnificent.

The warning given by the sad death of a Brooklyn young lady should be heeded betimes. The details are yet fresh in the minds of the public—a horse attached to a carriage, frightened by a swiftly moving bicycle, dashes against a party on horseback, and a young lady is thrown, and injured so that she dies. At the inquest the corner's jury strongly recommended that the Common Council pass some measures to restrict the use of bicycles. The general verdict of the press and of thoughtful people is that the unrestrained use of bicycles on the street and velocipedes on the sidewalk is the cause of great discomfort and nervousness to carriage and foot passengers, as well as of absolute danger. These vehicles afford, doubtless, a useful exercise, but the unsuitableness and danger of using them in the crowded streets of a city is very apparent.

Curious notions have the authorities of the little Saxon city of Weimar. A law has just been enacted that nobody in Weimar shall play on the piano with the windows of the house in which the performer is open, under penalty of a fine. Weimar is one of the quietest towns in the world, and some piano-players would make noise enough to distract half the inhabitants.

It must require considerable force of character to get through the world with such a name as Maria de las Mercedes Isabella Therese Christina Alphonsine Hyacinthe, yet the little Spanish princess is thus heavily weighted.

An experiment tried in a Chicago distillery resulted in the death of seven persons and the severe wounding of seven others. Corn was put whole into a mammoth kettle, and steamed; then a strong pressure of steam applied to force it through pipes into the mash-tub. The pipes became choked with the swollen corn, and the pressure on the kettle constantly increased, until a terrific explosion followed, tearing the roof off the building.

A certain clergyman lately announced as his text for the evening sermon, "Hold fast the form of sound words" (2 Timothy, i. 13). He then repeated from memory, in a deliberate manner, the entire Shorter Catechism, after which he closed the service with prayer, without a word of comment. To many of the congregation the Shorter Catechism, as a whole, was a genuine novelty, and they listened with great interest.

The comet discovered by Professor Swift in the constellation Pegasus is not a bright object, but its apparent size indicates that it is quite near the earth, or else enormously large. Its slow motion also indicates that it is either approaching the earth or receding in almost a direct line. If it is approaching, it may become an object of great interest.

Next May a "model school" for young scholars will be opened at Khartoum by order of the Egyptian Khedive. This school—the expenses of which are all defrayed by the Khedive—will be adapted for 150 pupils, who, after five years' study, will be fitted to enter into the superior schools of Egypt.

During the past year over 1600 sick persons, received without regard to sect or color, have been treated in the Mount Sinai Hospital.

A new ocean steamer, the *Alaska*, is now being built on the Clyde for the Williams & Guion Line. It is predicted that it will make the trip from New York to Liverpool in six and a half days.

The recent earthquake at Lisbon, Portugal, seems to have caused little damage; but it recalls the disastrous one of 1765, by which that city and about 60,000 people were destroyed. Severe shocks have also been experienced lately in other Spanish towns and in sections of France.

Dried potatoes have not yet come into our market to any extent, but it is said preparations have this year been made in California for drying large quantities and shipping them to England, where last year they met with a ready sale. A machine has been invented for pressing and drying potatoes so that they will keep for years, and yet preserve their natural flavor. After being thoroughly dried, they are ground into a coarse meal resembling rice.

The Czar of Russia, like many of his subjects, has suffered greatly from a nervous affection of the eye, which threatens to become very serious. By the use of a simple remedy prescribed by his oculist some relief has been obtained. This remedy consists in throwing into the eye or upon the lids a tiny jet of water by means of the eye-fountain or douche. The delicate spray is both restful and invigorating to weak or weary eyes.

A Bostonian saw, the other night, the largest satellite of Jupiter, with the naked eye.

According to late reports from Ireland, the potato crop in that country is larger and better than has been known for more than a score of years. Although as yet the general crop has not been dug, potatoes are abundant and cheap.

An admirable system prevails at the Académie Nationale in Paris, whereby ladies who enjoy music can go to the opera comfortably, without an escort, and return, the expense being little more than the cost of the ticket. They take a cab—the price of which is regulated by law—from their own residence to the opera-house, where a policeman assists them to alight, and conducts them to the box-opener, who in Paris is always a woman, courteous and attentive. She shows them to their seats, and gives them, in exchange for their tickets, numbered checks, which, on going out, are presented to the policeman, who immediately calls a cab for them, and to whom the cabman is responsible for their safe arrival at their own homes. Some similar plan in other cities might well be adopted.

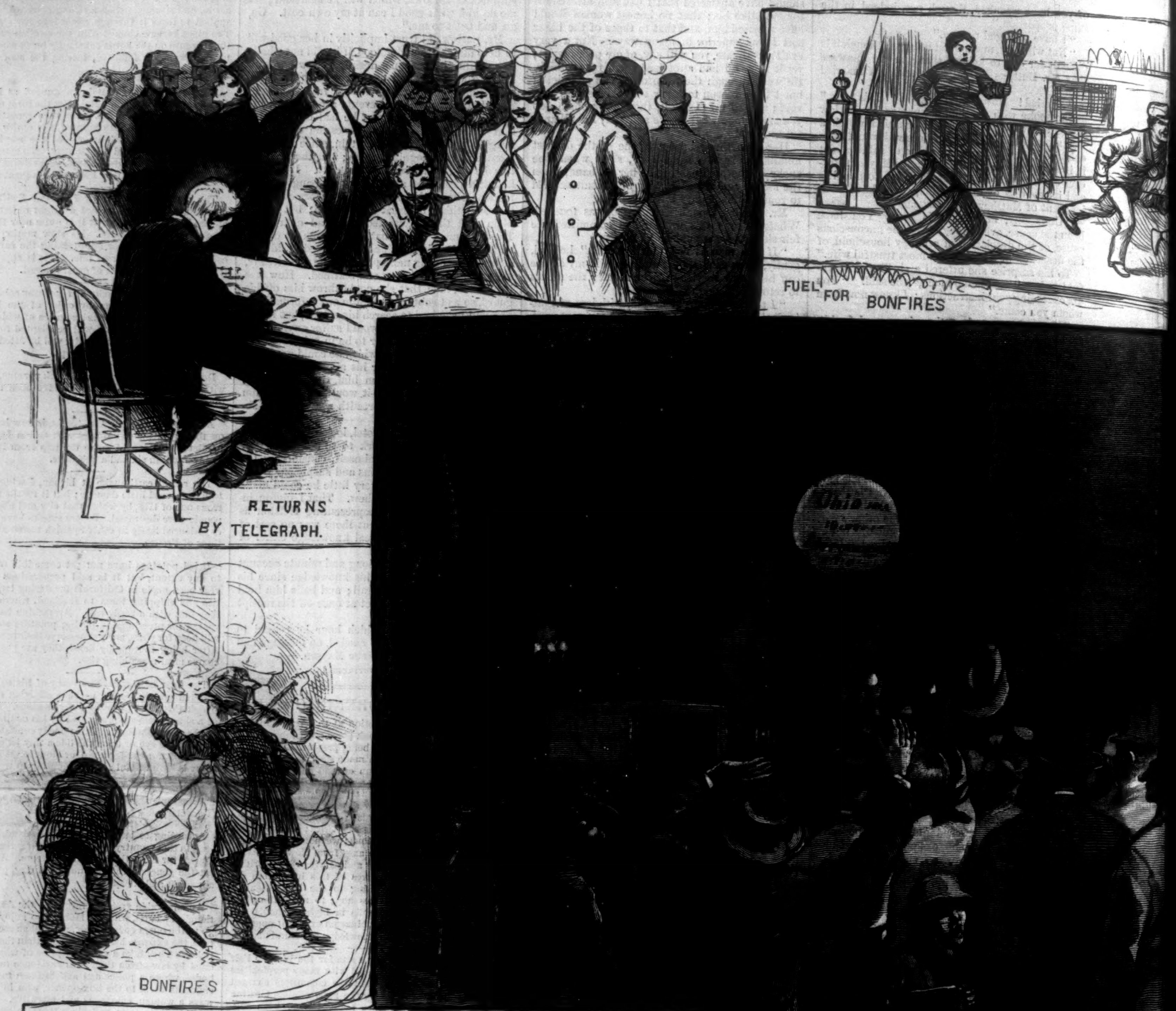
The forty performances of the Oberammergau *Passion Play* brought the net receipts up to the sum of $520,000. This amount has been divided into four parts, one quarter being devoted to the construction of the theatre, a second to householders in the village, a third to the public schools, and the fourth to the actors.

A gloomy story is told by the *Times of India* concerning the ravages of wild beasts and venomous reptiles in that country. The total number of deaths during the last year caused by wild beasts and snakes was no less than twenty thousand. It ought to be possible in some way to lessen such an appalling mortality.

The vase and cup to be presented to Professor Nordenskjöld and Captain Palander by the residents of Hong-Kong, to commemorate the fact that Hong-Kong was the first British port touched on the homeward voyage of the *Vega*, have been shipped for London, to be sent on to the British Minister at Stockholm, who has been asked to present them on behalf of the donors. The silver vase, which will be given to Professor Nordenskjöld, was made by Sun Shing, who has wrought upon it no less than 146 individual figures. The cup of Captain Palander was made by Cheong Wo, its most striking feature being a Chinese junk, beautifully wrought in gold and silver.

Iquique, Peru, is reported to have been almost wholly destroyed by fire.

The story of the British frigate *Hussar* may be familiar to many of our readers. On November 25, 1780, while on her way to Norwich, Connecticut, the *Hussar* struck on Pot Rock, in Hell Gate. She had on board seventy American prisoners, chained to the gun-deck, and, it was believed, about £960,000 sterling, which was to be used in subjugating the Americans. In spite of the efforts of the commander to save the vessel, she went down in ninety feet of water, carrying with her all the manacled prisoners. The officers and crew escaped. Many divers have worked upon the wreck, and in June of this year operations were begun anew in the hope that some of the lost treasure might be recovered. Whether anything has been found is not yet known, for the workmen are bound to secrecy, but it is expected that the search will continue until ice in the river prevents.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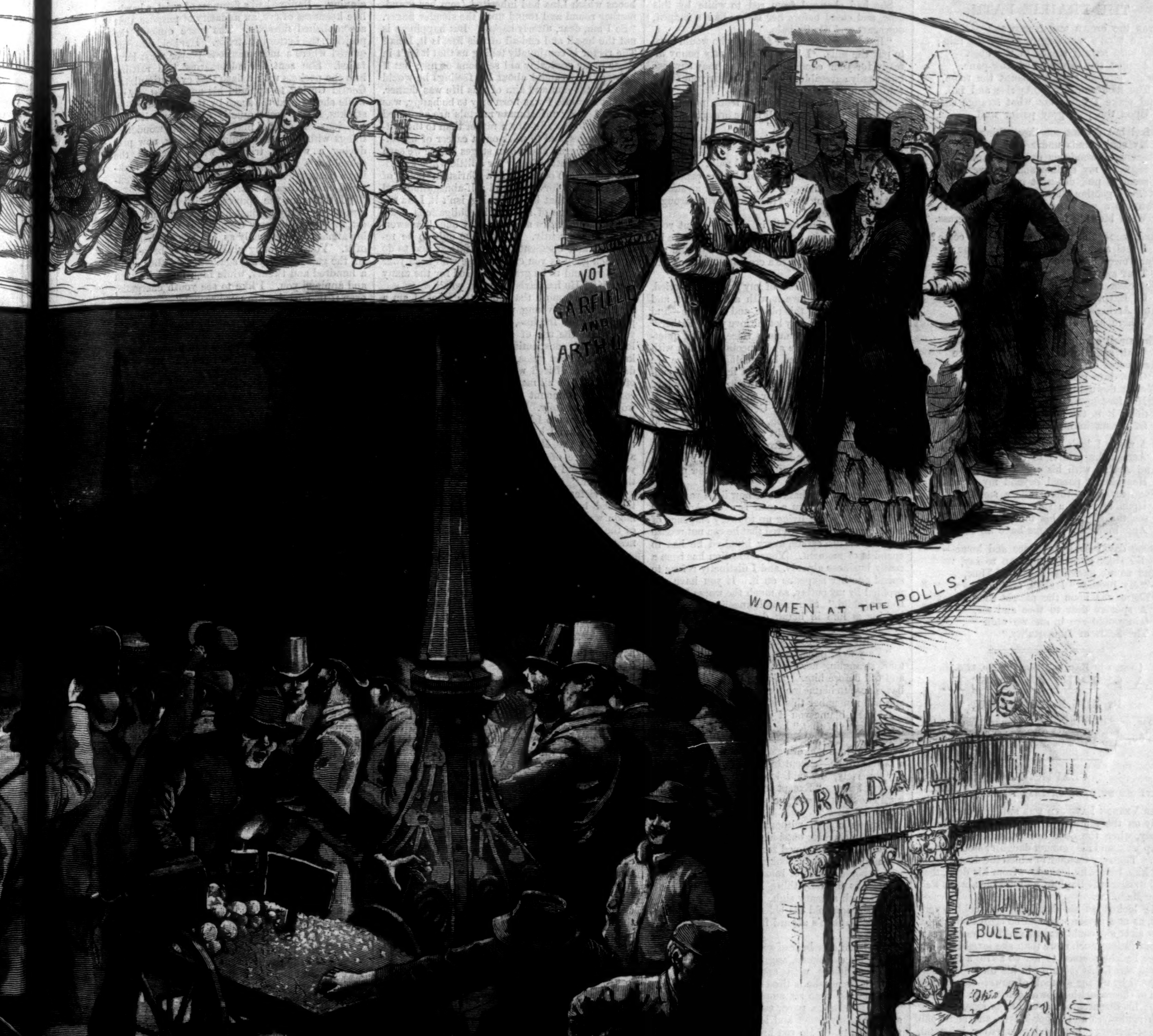
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ENGLIS
IBUTING BALLOTS.
SOME
CHARACTERS
AT THE POLLS
BULLETIN
BOARD.

ON D IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

THE PRAIRIE PATH.

UPON the brown and frozen sod
The wind's wet fingers shake the rain;
The bare shrubs shiver in the blast
Against the dripping window-pane.
Inside, strange shadows haunt the room,
The flickering fire-lights rise and fall,
And make I know not what strange shapes
Upon the pale gray parlor wall.

I feel but do not see these things—
My soul stands under other skies;
There is a wondrous radiance comes
Between my eyelids and my eyes.
I seem to pull down at my feet
God's gentian flowers, as on I pass
Through a green prairie still and sweet
With blowing vines and blowing grass.

And then—ah! whence can he have come?—
I feel a small hand touching mine;
Our voices first are like the breath
That sways the grass and scented vine.
But clearer grow the childish words,
Of Egypt and of Hindostan;
And Archie's telling me again
Where he will go when he's a man.

The smell of pine is strangely blent
With sandal-wood and broken spice
And cores of calamus; the flowers
Grow into gems of wondrous price.
We sit down in the grass and dream;
His face grows strangely bright and fair:
I think it is the amber gleam
Of sunset in his pale gold hair.

But while I look I see a path
Across the prairie to the light;
And Archie with his small bare feet
Has almost passed beyond my sight.
Upon my heart there falls a smile,
Upon my ears a soft adieu;
I see the glory in his face,
And know *his* dreams have all come true.

Some day I shall go hence and home—
We shall go hence, I mean to say,
And as we pass the shoals of Time,
"My brother," I shall, pleading, say,
"There was upon the prairie wide
A spot so dear to thee and me,
I fain would see it, ere we walk
The fields of Immortality."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"YEVE ME MY DETH, OR THAT I HAVE A SHAME."

SIR VERNON LAWFORD was sitting alone in his study on the morning after the visit to Goring Abbey, when the door opened suddenly with a sharp jerk, and his younger daughter stood before him. The very manner in which the door opened told him, before he looked up from his desk, that the intruder was Daphne, and not the always welcome Madoline.

He looked at his daughter with cold, severe eyes, as at a person who had no right to be there. Ever since she could remember, Daphne had feared her father much more than she loved him, but never had he seemed to her so awful a being as he appeared this morning in his own room, surrounded by all the symbols of power—the bronze bust of Cicero looking down at him from the bookcase; his dispatch-box open at his side, bristling with penknives and paper-knives, and stern official stationery; his ponderous silver inkstand, presented by the Warwickshire yeomanry in acknowledgment of his merits as colonel; his Russia-leather bound dictionaries and directories, and brazen letter-weighing machine—and all the pomp of his business life about him.

"Well, Daphne, what do you want?" he asked, looking at her without a ray of sympathetic feeling in his handsome gray eyes.

"If you please, papa," she faltered, blushing deeply under that severe gaze, and pleating up the edge of her lawn-tennis pinafore in supreme nervousness, "I don't think I'm really finished."

"Finished!" he exclaimed, looking at her as if he thought she was an idiot. "Finished what? You never finish anything, or begin anything either, so far as I can hear, that is worth doing."

"My education, I mean, papa," she said, looking at him with eyes so lovely in hue and expression, so piteous in their timid pleading, that they ought to have touched him. "I know you sent me to Madame Tolmache to be finished, and that she was very expensive, but I'm afraid I came away horribly ignorant, and I begin to feel that a year or two more of schooling would be of very great value to me. I am older now, don't you know, papa, and I should try more earnestly to improve myself. Indeed, indeed, papa, I would work very hard this time," urged Daphne, remorsefully remembering how little she had worked in the past. "I don't care where you send me—to Asnières, or to Germany, or anywhere, so that I could only go on with my education."

"Go on with it at home," answered Sir Vernon, contemptuously. "You can read and write and spell, I suppose. Yes, I have some of your letters asking me for different things in those pigeon-holes. Any woman who can do as much as that can improve herself. There are books enough on those shelves"—with a glance at his classical and correct collection—"to make you wiser than any woman need be. But as for this freak of wanting to go back to school—"

"It is no freak, papa. It is my most earnest desire. I feel it would be better—for all of us."

She had changed from red to white by this time, and stood before her father like a culprit, downcast and deadly pale.

"It would not be better for me, who would have to pay the bills. I have paid a pretty penny already for your education, and you may suppose how vastly agreeable it is to me to hear your frank confession of ignorance."

"It is best for me to tell the truth, papa. Do not deny me this favor. It is the first great thing I have ever asked of you."

"It is a very foolish thing, and I should be a fool if I humored your caprice."

She gave a little cry of mental pain.

"How can I convince you that it is no caprice?" she asked, despairingly. "I was lying awake all last night thinking about it. I am most thoroughly in earnest, papa."

"You were thoroughly in earnest about your boat, and now you are tired of it. You were intensely anxious to come home, and now you are tired of home. You are a creature of whims and fancies."

"No, I am not tired of my boat," she cried, passionately. "I love it with all my heart, and the dear river, and this place, and Madoline—and you—if you would only let me love you. Father," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, coming quietly to her father's side and kneeling to him with clasped hands uplifted beseechingly, "there are times in a woman's life when a light shines suddenly upon her showing her where her duty lies. I believe that it is my duty to go back to school somewhere, in France or Germany, where I can get on with my education, and grow serious and useful, as a woman ought to be. It will be very hard, it will be parting from all I love best in the world, but I feel and know that it is my duty. Let me go, dear father; the outlay of a few pounds can not affect you."

"Can it not? That shows how little you know of the world. When a man is overweighted as I am in this place, living up to every sixpence of his income, and so fettered that he can not realize an acre of his estate, every hundred he has to spend is of moment. Your education has been a costly business already, and I distinctly refuse to spend another sixpence on it. If you have not profited by my outlay, so much the worse for you. Get up, child." She was still kneeling by his side, looking at him in blank despair. "This melodramatic nonsense is the very last thing to succeed with a man of my stamp. I detest heroics."

"Very well, papa," she answered, in a subdued tone, strangling her tears, and standing straight and tall before him. "I hope if you should ever have cause to blame me for anything in the future, you will remember this refusal of to-day."

"I shall blame you if you deserve blame, you may be sure of that," he answered, harshly.

"And never praise me when I deserve praise, and never love me, or sympathize with me, or be a father to me—except in name."

"Precisely," he said, looking downward with a gloomy brow. "Except in name. And now be kind enough to leave me. I have a good many letters to write."

Daphne obeyed without a word. When she was in the corridor outside, and had shut the door behind her, she stopped for a few moments, leaning against the wall, looking straight before her with a countenance of inexpressible sadness.

"It was the only thing I could do," she murmured, with a heavy sigh.

Sir Vernon told his elder daughter that afternoon of Daphne's absurd fancy about going back to school.

"Did you ever hear of such a mass of inconsistency!" he exclaimed, angrily. "After worrying you continually with appealing letters to be brought home, she is tired of us all, and wants to be off in less than six months."

"It is strange, papa, especially in one who is so thoroughly sweet and loving," said Madoline, thoughtfully. "Do you know I'm afraid it must be my fault."

"In what way?"

"I have been urging her to continue her education; and perhaps I may have inadvertently given her the idea that she ought to go back to school."

"That is simply to suppose her an idiot, and unable to comprehend plain English," retorted Sir Vernon, testily. "You are always making excuses for her. Hark!" he cried, as a bright girlish laugh came ringing across the summer air. "There she is, playing tennis with Turchill. Would you suppose that two hours ago she was kneeling to me like a tragedy queen, her eyes streaming with tears, entreating to be sent back to school?"

"I'll reason her out of her fancy, dear father. She always gives way to me when I wish it."

"I am glad she has just sense enough to understand your superiority."

"Dearest father, if you would be a little more affectionate to her—in your manner, I mean—I believe she would be a great deal happier."

Another ringing laugh from Daphne.

"She is monstrously unhappy, is she not?" exclaimed Sir Vernon. "My dear Lina, that girl is a born comédienne. She will always be acting tragedy or comedy all her life through. This morning it was tragedy; this afternoon it is comedy. Do not let you or me be duped by her."

"Believe me, papa, you misjudge her."

"I hope it may be so."

"Daphne, what is this fancy of yours about going back to school?" asked Madoline, when she and her sister were sitting in the conservatory that evening in the sultry summer dusk, while Sir Vernon and the two young men were talking politics over their claret. "I was quite grieved to hear of it, believing, as I did, that you were very happy at home."

"Why, so I am, intensely happy—with you, darling," answered Daphne, taking her sister's hand and twisting the old-fashioned brilliant hoops which Lina had inherited from her grandmother round and round upon the slender finger. "So I am, dear, utterly happy. But happiness is not the be-all and end-all of this life, is it, Lina? The rector is continually telling us that it isn't in those prosy port-winy old sermons of his; but if he were only candid about his feelings he would say that the end and aim of this life was dinner. I don't suppose I was born only to be happy, was I, Lina? We unfortunate mortals are supposed to belong to the silk-worm rather than to the butterfly species, and to work out a career of usefulness in the grub and worm stages before we earn the right to flutter feebly for a little while as elderly moths. Youth from a Christian point of view is meant for work, and self-abnegation, and duty, and all that kind of thing, isn't it, Lina?"

"Every stage of life has its obligations, dearest, but your duties are very easy ones," answered Madoline, gently. "You have only to be respectful and obedient to your father, and to do as much good as you can to those who need your kindness, and to be grateful to God for the many good gifts He has lavished upon you."

"Yes, I suppose that upon the whole I am a very fortunate young person, although I am a pauper," said Daphne, sententiously. "I have youth and the use of all my faculties, a ridiculously good constitution, I know. I can walk knee-deep in wet grass, and never catch cold, and drink quarts of iced water when I am in a fever of heat, and do all manner of things that people consider tantamount to suicide, and be none the worse for my folly. And then I have a fine house to live in, though I have the sense that I am nobody in it, and I have a very aristocratic father to look at. Yes, Madoline, I have all these things, and they are of no account to me; but I have your love, and that is worth them all a hundred times over."

The sisters sat with clasped hands, Madoline touched by the wayward girl's affection. The moon was shining above the deodaras; the last of the nightingales was singing amidst the darkness of the shrubbery.

"Why do you want to go back to school, Daphne?" asked Lina again, coaxingly.

"I don't want to go."

"But this morning you were begging papa to send you back."

"Yes, I had an idea that I ought to improve myself—this morning. But as papa refused to grant my request, in a very decisive manner, I have put the notion out of my head. I thought that another year with Madame Tolmache might have improved my French, reconciled me to the necessity of a subjunctive mood, which I never could see while I was at Asnières, or that a twelvemonth in Germany might have enabled me to distinguish the verbs that require the dative case after them from the verbs that are satisfied with the accusative, which at present is a thing utterly beyond me. But papa says no, and as I am much fonder of boating and tennis and billiards than of study, I am not going to find fault with papa's decision."

This was all said so lightly, with so much of the natural recklessness of a high-spirited girl who has never had a secret in her life, that Madoline had not a moment's doubt of her sister's candor. Yet there was a hardness in Daphne's tone to-night that grieved her.

"Who is fond of billiards?" asked Gerald's lazy tones, a little way above them, and looking up, they saw him leaning with folded arms upon the broad marble balustrade. "Are you coming up to the drawing-room to give us some music, or are we coming down to the billiard-room to play a match with you?" he inquired.

"Whichever papa likes," answered Madoline.

"Sir Vernon will not play this evening. He has gone to his room to read the evening papers. I think he has not forgiven Turchill for the series of flukes by which he won that game last night. Edgar and I will have a clear stage and no favor this evening, and we mean to give you two young ladies a tremendous licking."

"You will have an easy victim in me," said Madoline. "I have not played half a dozen times since you left home."

"Devotion surpassing Penelope's. And Daphne, I suppose, is still a tyro at the game. We must give you seventy-five in a score of a hundred."

"You are vastly condescending," exclaimed Daphne, drawing herself up. "You will give me nothing. I don't care how ignominiously I am beaten; but I will not be treated like a baby."

"'Und etwas schnippish doch zugleich,'" quoted Mr. Goring, smiling to himself in the darkness.

And now Edgar Turchill came out of the drawing-room, and the two young men went down the shallow flight of steps to the conservatory, where Madoline and her sister were still seated in their wicker-work chairs in front of the open door, through which the moon-lit garden looked so fair a scene of silent peace.

"Daphne is quite right to reject your humiliating concessions," said Edgar. "She and I will play against you and Madoline, and beat you."

"Easily done, my worthy Saxon," answered Gerald, who was apt to make light of his friend's ancient lineage, in a good-natured, easy-going way. "I have never given more than a fraction of my mind to billiards."

"Then you must be a deuced bad player," said Edgar, bluntly.

They all went down into the billiard-room, where Daphne's eyes sparkled with unaccustomed fire in the lamp-light, as if the mere notion of the coming contest had fevered her excitable brain. Turchill, who was thoroughly earnest in his amusements, took off his coat with the air of a man who means business. Gerald Goring slipped out of his as if he were going to lie down for an after-dinner nap on one of the broad morocco-covered divans.

And now began the fight. Gerald and Madoline were obviously nowhere, from the very beginning. Daphne had a firmness of wrist, a hawk-like keenness of eye, an audacity of purpose, that accomplished miracles. The more difficult the position, the better her stroke. Her boldness conquered where a more cautious player must have failed. She sent her adversaries' ball rattling into the pockets with a dash that even stimulated Gerald Goring to applaud his antagonist. And while she swelled the score by the most startling strokes, Edgar crept quietly after her with his judicious and careful play—now doing wonderful things with his arms behind his back, now producing a wooden triangle, which recalled the school-boy's first agonies over Euclid, and making a geometrical study of angles before he ventured on a critical stroke.

"I throw up the sponge," cried Gerald, after struggling feebly against his fate. "Lina, dearest, forgive me for my candor, but you are playing almost as wretchedly as I. We are both out of it. You two young gladiators had better finish the game by playing against each other up to a hundred and twenty, while Lina and I look on and applaud you. I like to see youth energetic, even if its energies are misdirected."

He seated himself languidly on the divan which commanded the best view of the table. Lina sat by his side, her white hands moving with an almost rhythmical regularity as she knitted a soft woollen comforter for one of her numerous pensioners.

"My busy Penelope, don't you think you might rest from your labors now that Ulysses is safe at home, and the suitors are all put to flight?" asked Gerald, looking admiringly at the industrious hands. "You have no idea how horribly idle you make me feel."

"I think idleness is the privilege of your sex, Gerald; but it would be the penalty of ours. I am wretched without some kind of work."

"Another case of misdirected energy," sighed Gerald, throwing himself lazily back against the India-matting dado, and clasping his hands above his head, as he watched the antagonists.

Daphne was playing as if her life depended on her victory. Her slim figure was braced like a young athlete's, every muscle of the round white arm defined under her muslin sleeve—the bare supple wrist and delicate hand looking as strong as steel. The dark gray eyes looked almost black. She moved round the table with the swift lightness of some wild thing of the wood—graceful, shy, untamable half savage, yet wholly beautiful.

Edgar Turchill went on all the while in his business-like way, taking his angles and changing his cue just as coolly as if he had been playing against Sir Vernon. Yet every now and then, when it was Daphne's turn to play, he fell into a dreamy, contemplative mood, and stood on one side watching her as if she were something too wonderful to be quite human.

"There's a stroke," he cried, when she had cannoned off the red, and sent his ball spinning into the most ungetatable position on the table. "I taught her. Oughtn't I to be proud of such a pupil?"

"You taught me sculling, and lawn tennis, and billiards," said Daphne, considering what she should do next—"all I have ever learned worth knowing."

"Daphne!" murmured Madoline, looking up reproachfully from her ivory needles.

"I say it advisedly," argued Daphne, making another score. "Edgar, I am not at all sure you are marking honestly. Mr. Goring would mark for us if he were not too lazy."

"Not too lazy," murmured Gerald, languidly, "but too delightfully occupied in watching you. I would not spoil my pleasure by mixing it with business for the world."

"What is the use of book-learning?" continued Daphne, going on with her argument. "I maintain that Edgar has taught me all I know worth knowing, for he has taught me how to be happy. I adore the river; I dote upon billiards; and next best after billiards I like lawn tennis. Do you suppose I shall ever be happier for having learned French grammar, or the rule of three?"

"Daphne, you are the most inconsistent person I ever met with," said Madoline, almost angry. "Only this morning you wanted to go back to school to finish your education."

"Did she?" asked Gerald, suddenly attentive.

"That was all nonsense," exclaimed Daphne, coloring violently.

Mr. Turchill laughed heartily at the idea.

"Go back to school!" he exclaimed. "What, after having tasted liberty, and learned to shoot Stratford bridge, and to beat her master at billiards—for that last cannon makes the hundred, Daphne! Back to school, indeed! What a little humbug you must be, to talk of such a thing!"

"Yes," answered Daphne, coolly, as she put away her cue, and came quietly round to her sister's side, "I am a little bit of a humbug. I think I try to humbug myself sometimes. I persuaded myself this morning that I really thirsted for knowledge, but my father contrived to quench that righteous thirst with a very big dose of cold water—so henceforth I renounce all attempts to improve myself."

The clock on the chimney-piece struck the half-hour after ten.

"I ordered my dog-cart for ten," said Gerald; "I hope we have not transgressed, Lina, by staying so late?"

"I'm not going till eleven, unless Miss Lawford sends me away," said Turchill. "Eleven is the mystic hour at which Sir Vernon usually tells me to go about my business. I know the ways and manners of the house better than a wretched wanderer like you, whose last idea of time is derived from some wretched old Dalecarlian town clock."

"We had better go back to the drawing-room," suggested Madoline. "Papa has finished his letters by this time, I dare say."

"Then good-night, everybody," said Daphne.

"I'm going into the garden to cool myself after that fearful struggle, and then to bed."

She ran off through the conservatory while Gerald was opening the opposite door for Madoline to go up to the drawing-room by the lamp-lit indoor staircase.

Daphne stopped to draw breath on the moonlit terrace.

"How ridiculously I have been gabbling," she said to herself, with her hands clasping her burning forehead. "Why can't I hold my tongue? I am detestable to myself and everybody."

"Daphne," said some one close at her side in a tone of friendliest concern, "I'm afraid you're really tired."

It was Edgar Turchill, who had followed her through the conservatory.

"Tired! Not in the least degree. I would play against you again to-night—and beat you—if it were not too late."

"But I am sure you are tired; there is a something in your voice—strained, unnatural. Have you been vexed to-day? My poor little Daphne," he went on, tenderly, taking her hand, "something has gone wrong with you, I am sure. Has your aunt been lecturing?"

"No. My father was unkind to me this morning, and I was weak enough to take his unkindness to heart, which I ought not to have done, being so well broken in to it."

"And did you really and truly wish to go back to school?"

"I really and truly felt that I was an ignoramus, and that I had better go on with my education while I was young enough to learn."

"Daphne, if you had all the knowledge of all the girls in Girton screwed into that one little golden head, you wouldn't be one whit more charming than you are now."

"I dare say the effect would be the other way, but I might be a great deal more useful. I might teach in a poor school, or nurse the sick, or do something in some way to help my fellow-creatures. But sculling, and billiard-playing, and lawn tennis—isn't it a horribly empty life?"

"If there were not birds and butterflies and many bright useless things, this world wouldn't be half so beautiful as it is, Daphne."

"Oh, now you are dropping into poetry, like Mr. Wegg, and I must go to bed," exclaimed Daphne, with good-humored petulance, cheered by his kindness. "Good-night, Edgar. You are always good to me. I shall always like you," she said, gently.

"Always like me. Yes, I hope so, Daphne. And do you still think that you would rather have had me than Gerald Goring for your brother?"

"Ten thousand times."

"Yet he is a thoroughly amiable fellow, kind to every one, generous to a fault."

"A man with a million of money can't be generous," answered Daphne; "he can never give away anything that he wants for himself. Generosity means self-sacrifice, doesn't it? It was generous of you to leave Hawksyard at six in the morning to teach me to scull."

"I would do a great deal more than that to please you, and count it no sacrifice," said Edgar, gravely.

"I am sure you would," answered Daphne, with easy frankness. She was so thoroughly convinced that he would never leave off caring for Madoline, and would go down to his grave fondly faithful to his first misplaced affection, that no word or tone or look of his, however significant, ever hinted to her of any other feeling on his part than an honest brotherly regard for herself.

"Tell me what you think of Goring, now you have had time to form an opinion about him."

"I think that he is devoted to Lina, and that is all I want to know about him," answered Daphne, decisively.

"And do you think him worthy of her?"

"Oh, that is a wide question. There was never a man living, except King Arthur, that I should think absolutely worthy of my sister Madoline; but as he is lying in Glastonbury Abbey, I think Mr. Goring will do as well as any one else. I hope Lina will govern him, for his own sake as well as hers."

"You think him weak, then?"

"I think him self-indulgent, and a self-indulgent man is always a weak man, isn't he? Look at Gladstone now, a man of surpassing energy, of illimitable industry, a man who will eat a snack of cold beef and drink a glass of water for his luncheon at his desk, in the midst of his work, anyhow. Mr. Lampton, the new member, who went up to see him, gave us a sketch of him in his study, so utterly homely and unaffected. That is the kind of man I should like Lina to marry; a man without a selfish thought, a man made of iron."

"Don't you think a wife might hurt herself now and then against the rough edges of the iron—those unselfish men are apt to demand a good deal of self-sacrifice from others."

"And you think Lina was meant to sit in a drawing-room all her life, among hot-house flowers. Well, I believe she will be very happy at Goring Abbey. She likes a quiet domestic life, and to live among the people she loves. And Mr. Goring's selfishness will hardly trouble her, she has had such splendid training with papa."

"Daphne, do you think it is quite right to speak of your father in that way?" asked Edgar, reproachfully.

He was wounded by her flippant tone, hurt by every evidence of faultiness in one whom he hoped the future would develop into perfect woman and perfect wife.

"Would you like me to be a hypocrite?"

"No, Daphne. But if you can't speak of Sir Vernon as he ought to be spoken of, don't you think it would be better to say nothing at all?"

"For the future I shall be dumb, in deference to Mr. Turchill—and the proprieties. But it was nice to have one friend in the world with whom I could be thoroughly confidential," she added, coaxingly.

"Pray be confidential with me."

"I can't, if you once begin to lecture. I have a horror of people who talk to me for my own good. That is Aunt Rhoda's line. She is never tired of preaching to me for my good, and I never feel so utterly bad as I do after one of her preachments. And now I really must say good-night. Don't forget that you are engaged to dine at the rectory to-morrow."

"Are not you and Lina going?"

"Yes, and Mr. Goring. It is to be a regular family gathering. Papa is asked, but I cherish a faint hope that he may not—I beg your pardon," exclaimed Daphne, making him a ceremonious courtesy. "My honored parent has been invited, and wherever he is his children must be happy. Is that the kind of thing you like?" she asked, tripping away to the little half-glass door at the other end of the terrace.

Edgar ran after her, to open the door for her; but she ran like Atalanta, and there was nobody to distract her with golden apples. She shut the door and drew the bolt, just as Edgar reached it, and nodded a smiling adieu to him through the glass. He stopped to see the white frock vanish from the lamp-lit lobby, and then turned away to light a cigarette and take a solitary turn on the terrace before going back to the drawing-room to make his adieux.

It was a spot where a man might love to linger on such a night as this. The winding river showing in fitful glimpses between its shadowy willows, the distant woods, the dim lights of the little quaint town, the tall spire rising above the trees, made up a landscape dearer to Edgar Turchill's honest English heart than all the blue mountains and vine-clad valleys of the sunny South. He was a son of the soil, with all his desires and prejudices and affections rooted in the land on which he had been born. "How sweet—how completely lovable she is!" he said to himself, meditating over that final cigarette, "and how thoroughly she trusts me. Her mind is as clear as a rivulet through which one can count every pebble and every grain of golden sand."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CRUELTIES TO FISH AND FOWL.

When a human being is put to unnecessary bodily suffering through the neglect or maliciousness of one of his own species, a great outcry is the result. He is enveloped in a cloud of sympathizing reporters, who describe with realistic minuteness every detail of his case. The sympathy of the whole community is his, and if the assailant be short of funds, or without political influence, he is quickly incarcerated and freely punished. Every day, however, torments are heaped upon the unfortunate and unresisting denizens of the sea and air, and no voice is raised to mitigate or abridge their agony. In the larger towns an effort has been made to ameliorate the condition of the dumb animal—dumb to us, but undoubtedly in a more restricted but fully as expressive a vocabulary capable of conveying to his kind an expression of his torments and his sufferings. In the rural districts, where laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals are not known or enforced, the bucolic Christian pursues his merciless practices unchecked and unrestrained. Doubtless he treats his domestic animals with care and kindness, but when he comes to deal with the unfortunate fish and fowl he gives full license to his greed, and knows no pity. It is the struggle for existence, and all the so-called civilization and theology of the age can not soften or restrain the natural instinct to torture and destroy. Possibly it may be heedlessness—what the eye does not see, the heart does not feel.

A fisherman will sally out in a boat loaded with empty flour barrels. Into each, in his way of business, he will pack from three to five hundred crabs, all alive. These are possibly detained at his home for several hours, whence they are carried to the nearest railway station, possibly miles away, over a rugged road. At the station they are transferred to a freight train, which consumes several hours *en route* to a market. With all the modern conveniences of luxurious cars, we can all testify to the irksomeness of a lengthy journey by rail. What, consequently, must be the suffering of four or five hundred crabs, still alive, packed in a barrel, and jolted under a broiling sun, on a slow and tedious train? Were it possible for the lower layer of crabs in these barrels to express their views to some enterprising reporter for the press, they would unfold a tale compared to which the sufferings of William Lithgow by the Inquisition would be but a joyous and festive narrative. Fishing for crabs for the market is a perfectly legitimate occupation, which supports large numbers of men and their families. Moreover, crabs are a cheap and delicious article of diet—when one is perfectly certain of the locality from which they are procured, and of the food upon which they have fed. No one from humanitarian motives would think of interfering with an industry so necessary and profitable. Nevertheless, it is possible that with some scientific thought a means might be devised whereby the sufferings of this unfortunate crustacean could be abridged. It probably never occurs to the fisherman that he is engaged in other than the most philanthropic occupation. He possesses no means of communicating with his victims, consequently he is content to nurse his own petty troubles, without troubling himself about those incapable of a forcible expression.

On certain portions of the coast, in the latter part of the month of May and first of June, the "limulus," or horse-foot crab, seeks the shallows of the sand-flats to deposit its eggs. The female on these occasions is accompanied by the male. On the first of the flood tide they may be seen moving hither and thither in a foot or more water. This annual appearance of the horse-foot is a notable season for all classes on certain parts of the coast. All occupations are abandoned for the delirious sport of "horse-footing." Men armed with a small spear propel themselves here and there over the shoal water, and strike the crabs through the back as they seek to escape. One man may capture from one to twelve hundred on a single tide. These are crowded in the bottom of a small boat. They remain alive for several days. By some they are used to bait eel-pots, while others feed them to the barn-yard fowl. For some occult reason they are worshipped as a "fetich" for chickens. By the larger number of their captors they are used as manure. Thrown upon the fields, out of their natural element, and exposed to a hot sun, they may be seen moving slowly about, each bearing upon his back the mark of the cruel spear. The sufferings of this creature may be easily imagined. Naturally they die a slow and agonizing death, aggravated by a festering and inflamed wound, the agriculturist and his family gazing placidly on the scene. The pool of sewerage slops, with its coating of greasy greenish slime, encircling the curb-stone of this farmer's well, revenges the cruelties inflicted on the dumb and helpless limulus.

With the ignorant and superstitious it is a popular belief that the fish, being a cold-blooded animal—a recently exploded fallacy, or rather it has been discovered that the temperature of the blood of the fish is somewhat above that of the element in which he lives—is insensitive to pain. Most fishermen act on this presumption. Who has not seen a stalwart, heavy fellow, his legs incased in weighty sea-boots, trampling and crushing among the small live bait with which his boat is loaded? This man among his own is what in a theological way is called an "elder." With the profession of fisherman he combines that of farmer. In the latter capacity he is kind and humane; in the former he is a thoughtless and brutal ruffian.

If immediately upon his capture a fish be killed and bled, his delicacy and flavor are increased fiftyfold. All epicures understand this. This practice is universal among the Chinese. So soon as they take a fish he is instantly killed and bled. Suggest this to our free and enlightened fishermen, and quote a Chinaman as authority, and you will be surprised to hear how much novelty and invention can be evolved from a limited vocabulary of oaths. We are pleased to speak of the Chinese as "heathens," but they have the best of the retort when they brand us as barbarians.

A hundred examples of the brutality of man to the helpless denizens of the sea might be cited. Of what use? The abuses can not be rectified, and when the time shall come when mankind will recognize the fact that cruelty to fish is not far different from cruelty to any other form of animal life, under the present system of rapid extermination there will be no fish to be taken. Of the fish, so of the fowl.

The writer of this article is, has been, and shall continue to be a sportsman so long as he is able to indulge in the pursuit. He has no doubt, therefore, that in numberless instances, always without intention, he has been guilty of the very acts of barbarity and cruelty he condemns in others. A certain amount of cruelty is inseparable from every form of sport. It is not his purpose, therefore, to pose as a philanthropic hypocrite. *Cujus libet rei simulator atque dissimulator.* He merely wishes to show that much of the barbarity practiced by professional and amateur sportsmen may be avoided by a moderate degree of care and thoughtfulness.

It is to be presumed that the object in shooting at a bird is to kill it. He is the most skillful sportsman and best shot who succeeds the more frequently in attaining that end. Professor Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology of Hoboken, in a paper read before a body of scientists which recently met in Boston, gives the results of a very delicate and ingenious series of experiments, by a process of his own, as to the velocity of shot from a fowling-piece under varying conditions. A careful examination of this paper shows conclusively the fallacy of attempting to do effective shooting outside of a certain limited range. Now a bird when hit beyond this limit, while he may be mortally injured, is yet capable of flying a long distance; consequently he dies a slow and painful death. Those who have been wounded in action, or have witnessed the sufferings of others on similar occasions, will appreciate the miseries inflicted by careless or inexperienced sportsmen. Nowhere can the foolishness and barbarity of shooting at fowl at long distances be more distinctly seen and understood than by those who kill wild fowl over the ice in the winter season. While the ice is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of men and boats there will be numerous open holes in which decoys may be set. Numerous flocks will, of course, pass by a long gunshot off. If these could be allowed to pass unmolested, they would during the day return, and offer a fair shot. The gunner, however, is so greedy and rapacious that BBB and even buck-shot are fired into these flocks, which continue on apparently unharmed. If, however, we walk over the ice in the line of flight of these passing birds, we shall see the surface profusely covered with drops of blood. While none have been killed outright, a number have been struck with sufficient force to cause serious wounds, and ultimate death many miles beyond the locality in which they were crippled.

Unless some flying-machine be soon invented which will enable us to follow the birds through the air, this system of long-distance shooting will render the birds utterly unattainable by the methods now in use. Doubtless many persons have happened to stumble on the retreats and secluded nooks where these wounded birds seek refuge, either to die or convalesce. These spots resemble nothing so much as the dead-house of the hospital on the Mount St. Bernard, where human remains may be seen in every stage of dissolution.

The penuriousness of the professional gunner is also an incentive to unnecessary cruelty to water-fowl. To save a charge of ammunition he will chase a crippled bird for a mile or more on the water, or so long as the setting-pole of his shooting-boat will reach bottom. The sensation of the wounded bird thus pursued must be similar to that of the condemned man who, with a rope about his neck, witnesses the erection of the gallows on which he is to be executed. It may be argued that wild fowl have not the finer sensitiveness and reasoning power of a human being. They certainly have many qualities in common. For example, when a he-duck, accompanied by the female, is shot down, the latter, if untouched, immediately deserts him; the male, on the contrary, when a similar fate befalls the female, returns again and again in search of her, and often falls a victim to his constancy and devotion.

From time to time an outcry is raised, on the ground of inhumanity, against the practice of shooting pigeons from traps. In point of fact no form of sport is more humane than this. As a money consideration is involved in trap-shooting, its followers must be more or less expert. Moreover, the birds are released at a distance which is positively indicated, and within easy range; consequently, if hit, they are usually killed outright, or so severely wounded as to fall within a limit whence they may be speedily retrieved. It will be found that those which escape entirely do so unharmed. Pigeons which return to the dove-cote in a crippled condition are probably the victims of others than those engaged in trap-shooting. If fowl in the field could be killed with the same certainty as over traps, a vast amount of suffering might be spared the feathered race.

As these lines are being written, the report of fire-arms may be heard. Off the meadow points of the bay, opposite the residence of the writer, duck decoys are glistening in the sun. By watching carefully with a powerful glass, flocks of ducks may from time to time be seen glancing by these decoys, considerably out of gunshot. From two to five guns are discharged at each flock with no apparent effect; but if, as a bunch continues its flight, we keep it within the focus of the glass, we shall see now one and then another of the birds composing it leave their companions, spread their wings, and settle disabled to the surface of the water. In the evening, if the opposite shore from these meadow points be searched, a number of cripples will be driven from their hiding-places, and painfully attempt to reach the water. If one is captured, it will be seen that he has been struck with the largest-size shot. As this has occurred two weeks before the opening of the close season for duck—October 1—it may be readily imagined what will be the chances to kill birds on and after that date, when so early in the season they have been harried at long distances, and with such heavy shot.

Gaston Fay.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"All during the summer, while it was hot, you came up the stairs, and now it is cool you use the elevator. How is that?" The foregoing was the remark of a prominent Galveston merchant to one of his clerks. "I'll tell you how it is. I didn't care to risk the elevator in summer, because, you see, that was not the hoister season." A stretcher was procured to remove the unfortunate merchant to his residence. The clerk was discharged on the spot.

A VERY SOLOMON.

Teacher with reading class. Boy reading: "And as she sailed down the river—"

Teacher. "Why are ships called 'she'?"

Boy (*precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex*). "Because they need men to manage them."

"It's a common remark," said an absent-minded farmer to a friend, "that misfortunes never come single, and I have had an extraordinary proof o' the truth o't this morning. Some time ago I broke a pipe, and what do you think?—I hae broken anither ane this very day."

"In the hour of danger woman thinks the least of herself," said Madame de Staël. True. When the thunder roars, and the lightning flashes, and the big drops come down, the woman who is caught out in the storm devotes her agony to the thought that her hat and dress will be ruined.

On the boulevard: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor. I had hard work making him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why?" "Because he wanted more."

A Memphis man wanted to kill a mosquito on the back of a friend's neck, and without stopping to mention his design, hit the insect a belt; and when his friend got up and brushed the sand out of his mouth and eyes, four men had to hold him while the matter was explained.

A Connecticut man wrote to his grocer that he wanted some "ebelyac." Luckily he sent a jug, and the grocer filled it with apple-jack.

Son. "Father, the lecturer at the hall to-night said that lunar rays were only concentrated luminosity of the earth's satellite. What do you think about it?"

Intelligent Parent. "All moonshine, my son—all moonshine."

Elevator boy (to a woman who had ridden three times from the bottom to the top of the building): "Well, where do you want to get out?" "Well, indade, oim not quite sure, but lave me as near the Grand Central Dépôt as ye can."

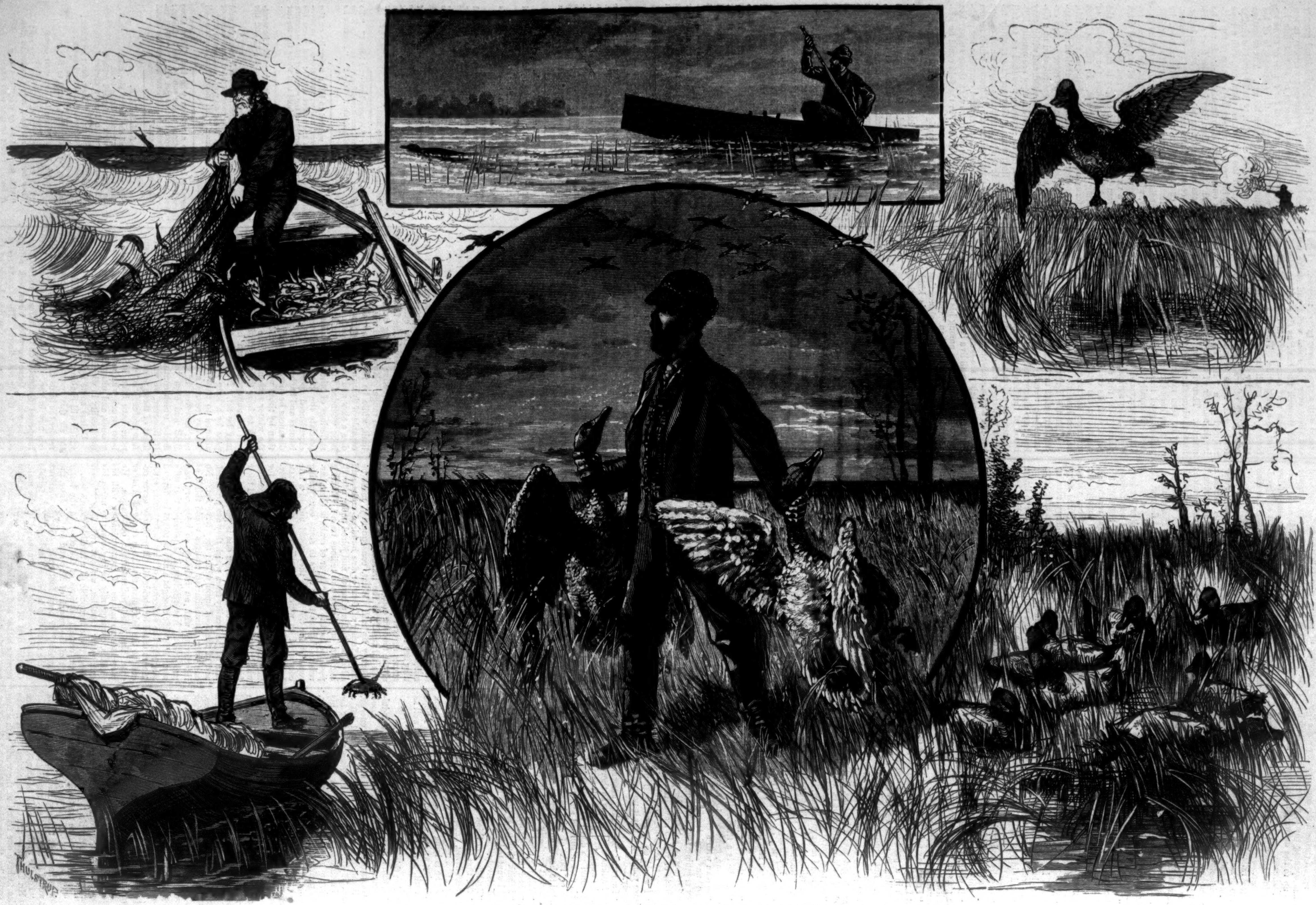
ALL'S FAIR.

"Do you attend the fair?" she said,
And tossed her pretty little head.
He spake up, with a roguish glance,
"Yes, always, when I get a chance."

She blushed, and said, "Now don't be green;
You know quite well, sir, what I mean:
There's only one fair in the town."
Said he, "That's what I said to Brown."

"Charles, I shall have to box your ears;"
The lovely eyes were full of tears.
"You know what fair; will you take me?"
"For better or worse," said Charles, in glee.

"All's fair in love or war," and they
A family ticket bought next day.
Now Charles looks into her sparkling eyes,
And swears he has carried off the prize.

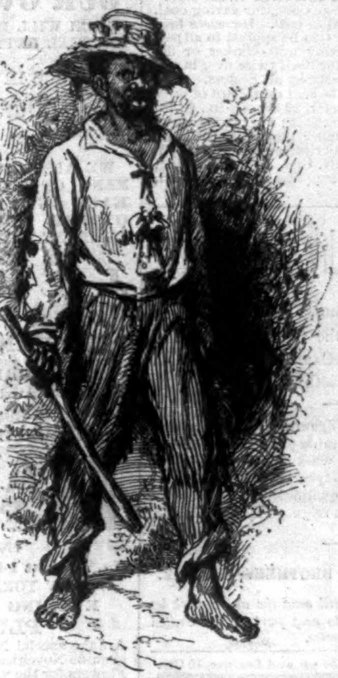


CRUELTIES PRACTICED ON FISH AND FOWL.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 731.]

INSIDE SOUTHERN CABINS.

GEORGIA.—No. 1.

The following facts and incidents relating to the true life of the emancipated negro in South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia I have gathered in a visit to these States, extending over a period of nine months. I shall attempt no idealization, and shall leave, as far as possible, all moralizing and deduction to my readers. The simplest language will best befit my homely tale of ignorance and oppression; and if the facts can not speak for themselves, I have neither the power nor the wish to give them any advantage from sentiment or fiction.



A GREENE COUNTY NEGRO.

It must be understood, first, that the negroes of different States vary as much in character as do the white men of those States. The gentlemanly, indolent Carolinian is not more unlike the keen, alert Georgian than is the careless, polite Carolinian negro to his Georgian brother. The first thing, indeed, that struck me with regard to the Georgian negro was his insolence, and his open aversion to white people. It was some time before I could gain their confidence; all kindnesses were accepted suspiciously, and they looked at a gift as cautiously as a bird looks at an open snare.

This suspicious coldness is of itself a veil that few white people care to lift; and there is still another reason why the negro, *as he really is*, remains a misconception to the casual observer—a reason which an intelligent colored man thus defined to me: "We have been accustomed to look upon white people as beings to be conciliated at any cost, and so we hide ourselves behind a mask that *reflects their moods and opinions.*" This I found to be very true. It was only after many weeks of familiar visiting in their cabins that I discovered a shrewd thoughtfulness about public events, and an anxious carefulness about the future of their families and their race, which no one would have suspected to exist beneath the mask of jest or indifference worn outside their homes.

The Georgian negroes are physically finer men and women than the Carolinians, and although they lack the suave, jovial manner of the latter, I think they wear better—that is, if you can penetrate the I-don't-trust-anybody air that repels you at first. Indeed, it is only necessary to see what they will go through to procure an education to feel sure that there is an amount of mental grit in them that can not but make its mark sooner or later. I have known boys and girls work hard all summer, either teaching, or at service, or in the fields, to earn enough for three months' tuition, going out again at the end of that time to make the fee for another quarter.

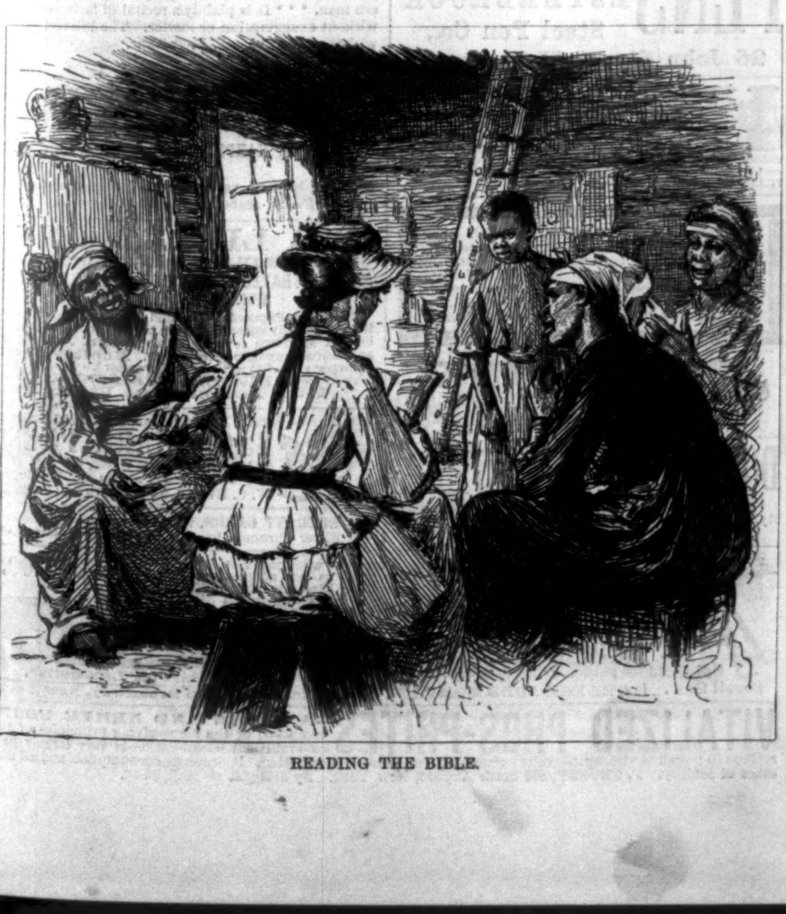
There is nothing the Georgian negro values above knowledge, and there are few sacrifices he will not make to obtain it. And it must be remembered also that even when he has painfully saved his tuition fee, he will most likely have to walk five or six miles to the nearest school. Those who can not go to school generally manage, with the help of some friend, to pick up a little learning while at their work. In this way Bishop **Holsey** laid the foundation of his by no means contemptible acquirements. I had the pleasure of meeting this colored bishop, and found him a native gentleman, with a great deal of both practical and acquired information.

The colored public schools in Atlanta are a libel on the name. I found the Wheat Street School in a wretchedly ventilated basement. It consists of two rooms divided by such a flimsy partition that the two rooms are virtually one. There were four teachers, each having from fifty to sixty scholars to attend to, though they had little or no assistance from blackboards or any of the necessary aids of a school-room.

I do not know that I can give any more forcible example of the value put upon education by the Georgian negro than the fact that during last summer Storr's Chapel—a little colored congregation in Atlanta—sent out *fifty-seven* of its partially educated members into the dark places of Houston, Greene, and Pulaski counties to help their degraded people in those almost barbarous districts. When these teachers returned I had many interesting conversations with most of them; and if the half of what they told me is true, we certainly need not send our missionaries across the ocean. In these counties the men pin bits of bright-colored cloth down their pants and sleeves, and cut their hair close to the head, except just in front, where they leave a "forelock." On working-days this forelock remains unplaited and bushy, but on Sundays and election days it is carefully braided with bits of colored flannel, tied with a ribbon, and allowed to fall over the forehead and face. They also carry a short, thick club, and use it with a wild cry in a very singular dance, wherein, at intervals, the men fall upon one knee, and strike with violence the clubs of the men opposite. They have no ideas of life beyond their own isolated plantations, and speak of persons even from the neighboring cities as "foreigners." Their religion is vague and full of gross superstitions, and yet if approached by one of their own color, or even by a white person in whom they have confidence, they are eager to learn the truth, and accept it with the docility and faith of a child.

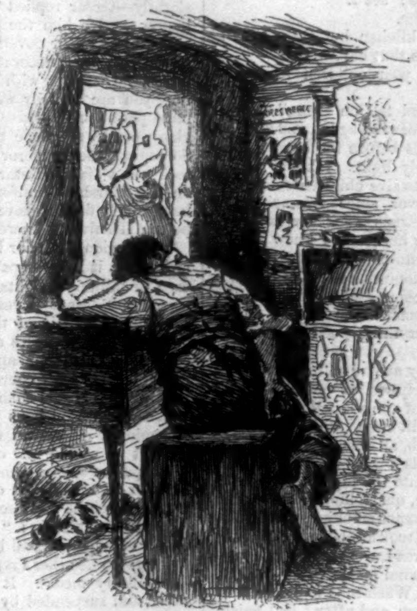
"You done made me grow two inches while you bin talking to me," said one man, when he first heard of the love of Christ. Another, after listening to the same story, exclaimed, "Arter this, the debil kin come to my house and smoke awhile, but he can't camp dar obernight no more." They whip chickens for straying from home, and are altogether so far behind the colored people in the cities that these latter pray for their "benighted brethren" very much as we pray for the heathen of Ashantee.

Undoubtedly Georgia is raising up the future teachers of the colored race; and yet I never conversed on this subject with any of them that they did not deplore the one-sided character of the education placed within their reach. "We want something besides preachers and teachers," said an intelligent leader among his people to me. "We are systematically robbed in the stores, and lawyers, except in cases of old family ties, or for some political interest, refuse to take a civil case up for us."



READING THE BIBLE.

As to doctors, I know their need is very urgent. The ward physicians told me many times that they "never doctored a nigger with anything but castor-oil or rhubarb." In one very bad case of sickness I went *nine times* for a ward doctor before I could get him to attend to it; and even when he did so, his treatment of the patient was so brutal that I do not wonder they prefer their charms, herbs, and "wise-women." Lawyers and doctors are as urgently needed by the colored race as preachers, and in my humble opinion, if the colored universities taught boys and girls less Greek and Latin and theology, and turned out more merchants, tradesmen, and tradeswomen, it would be for the real advantage of the people whose interests they profess to study.



NEGRO CABIN.

I was often struck by an apparent preference of the Southern white man to the Northern, although the latter were among them as their special friends. And when I spoke of this, I got invariably one answer: "The Southerners don't acknowledge any possibility of equality between us; we know just what we have to expect from them; while our Northern friends talk about our perfect equality, and yet if we attempt to pass the equality line they draw, the check-rein is shortened in a hurry." I am convinced that the efforts the present negro-teachers are making to conciliate the Southern whites are a great mistake. No one can serve two masters. They lose the confidence and respect of the negro entirely, and they gain nothing from the whites but contempt. The only possible way to enlist Southern favor for colored colleges is to put them under the care of Southern white teachers, instead of bringing teachers from the North. Yet, as these colleges are nearly altogether supported by Northern charity, it seems reasonable to employ Northern teachers. I am only indicating a possible way to that social favor negro-teachers seem so very anxious to attain.

While on the subject of the equality of the races, I will mention a well-known case that forcibly illustrates the Southern view of it. In Atlanta I knew a young mulatto, the son of one of Georgia's most prominent citizens. There was no attempt ever made to deny or even conceal his parentage; he went by his father's name, and his resemblance both to his father and his white half-sisters was an ordinary subject of remark. Yet though the relationship was fully acknowledged, this boy cleaned his father's office, and always waited on his father's table when he had any special entertainment. This white gentleman also professed to be a friend of the negro, and often preaches in their churches.

To the colored man, home is not home unless he shares it with a dog—*dogs*, I should say, for their name in every house is legion. Some of them are splendid animals; the greater number are detestable, barking, mangy little curs. I saw, at a respectful distance, some magnificent specimens of the bull-dog, which is the favorite species with negroes. It struck me as a significant fact that though they will give almost any little ugly brute a home, I never anywhere saw a hound among them.

The places they call homes are, as a general thing, squalid and miserable beyond description; and any stranger, looking at the hovels in which Georgia's working classes live, would draw a most unfavorable—and erroneous—opinion as to her intelligence and resources. Many of them are scattered all over the hills surrounding Atlanta—miserable huts into which wind, rain, and sunshine find easy access through the multitude of crevices in walls, roof, and floor. They have no windows, and however wet or cold the weather, they must keep the door open, unless they are so fortunate as to possess a lamp. I saw but one candle among the colored people the whole time I was in the South; generally light is obtained by putting some grease in a saucer, and laying a lighted wick in it.

The floors are usually very dirty, but whenever I found a hut with a clean floor, I found also that the walls had been chinked with bits of rag or cotton, and the walls covered with newspapers. **Harper's Weekly** was a great favorite for this purpose, and they begged it eagerly from me, because, I suspect, it served the double purpose of wall-paper and pictures. Cheap prints of the Virgin **Mary**, of Catholic saints, and of the Crucifixion—such as are favorites in the shanties of New York—are highly valued by them, and I have often been much amused at their horror and indignation when I told them they were Roman Catholic pictures. "I ain't no Roman Catholic; I belong to Big Bethel, I do," was the usual answer, and that in a very resentful tone.

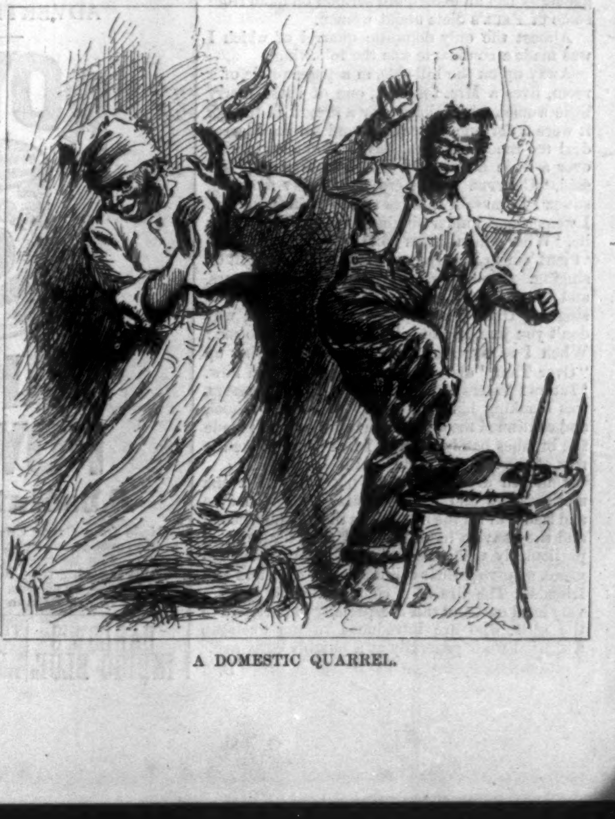
Most of these huts are occupied by two families, and the furniture of all is similar. One or two dirty ragged beds, a common table, some broken chairs or empty soap boxes, two or three wooden chests piled one upon another, a few pieces of broken crockery, and the old time covered skillet, pot, and kettle, complete the inventory of household furniture. In the few huts that are chinked and papered the beds are usually special objects of pride, and those who possess feather ones, and a few colored quilts, will part with anything rather than relinquish them. Some of their quilts are, indeed, of great beauty, exhibiting much taste in design, and great skill in needle-work.

Economical people would be shocked to see every comer-in, no matter whether kin or stranger, made welcome to the corn-bread, bacon, and coffee, which are the regular food of the negro throughout the South. I must confess this indiscriminate hospitality struck me as very improvident, until I discovered its motive—a tacit understanding that any one out of food is to be supplied by some one in better luck, the obligation to be faithfully returned when called for. I was told that this national relief system extended all over the South, and that it was rarely abused.

A still nobler hospitality is quite as prevalent. I was in hundreds of cabins in the South, and in the large majority I found some gray-headed old uncle or aunty, too old or too ill to work, who had been taken in to share the rough kindness of people on whom they had no claim whatever but that of race, age, or helplessness. It was after conversing with many of these old people I began to understand how it is that the feeling of hostility between black and white remains so deep and bitter. Sooner or later their conversation always drifts backward to the days of their slavery. They tell tales that make you cry out and stop your ears, and the young men and women and the little children sit listening to them with souls all on fire. To the children these tales are what Cinderella and fairy-land are to our happier boys and girls; and the young men and women take them into hearts already chafing and sore under wrongs they daily feel, and yet which they know not how to alter or redress.

I have seen many an old woman sitting among a dozen young people showing the marks of the cruel iron bands by which they were "belled" for running away, or exhibiting scars left by fiendish dogs and not less fiendish men and women. I have seen many women who bore on their arms and faces the mark of a hot flat-iron. Others have shown me the very windows in which they stood all day with "For Sale" pinned on them. I never shall forget the story of one old woman who had sat quietly listening to such memories for a long time. Raising herself up suddenly, she said, in a husky voice:

"When I warn't no older nor **Mandy** sitting thar, my three little chillen were sold 'way from



A DOMESTIC QUARREL.

me, all at once; and thar warn't one of 'em big enough to pull t'other out of the fire if it fell in. Them was sorrowful days, so them was. 'Bout a week arterward, while I was cooking dinner, I heerd some chillen singing, and I went out to de fence to see who dey was. Thar was two big wagons going 'long, and a heap of little chillen running by de road-side, playing and singing, and never knowing how dey was every minute going furder from their mammies. I sez to one ole woman, who kind had charge of them, 'Whar dem chillen come from?'

"'Kansas,' sez she.

"'Whar dey going to?' sez I.

"'God knows,' sez she.

"I went back to my kitchen, but, O my Christ, dinner was full of tears that day."

"Did you ever see your children again?" I asked her.

"No, nor never heerd tell on them," she answered, as she leaned forward again, and stretched her trembling hands before the blazing pine log, which was our only light. I know an old woman who has had twelve children sold away from her, and who, ever since Emancipation, watches through Christmas week for some of them to come and see her; and I know an old man who goes all Christmas week to meet every train, in the confidant hope that some of his children will be sure to come and see him at the holidays. For Christmas is the negro's happy date; they expect everything good to come at Christmas.

The homes in the city are no better than those on the hills. A description of one block will give a very fair idea of the colored quarters in Atlanta. A square built round with windowless cabins of one room each, all opening into a court, in the centre of which is a wash shed and a well. All day long, and late into the night, this court is full of crying children, quarrelling dogs, loafing men, women washing, women smoking, women dipping snuff. And yet, if I took a Bible into one of the cabins, and offered to read a chapter, those very women would gather round me, as eager as little children for a story. Wash-tubs and idle husbands would be forgotten, and after I had finished, they would very probably, by some spontaneous impulse, begin in a low, almost whispered monotone, the old slave song,

> "Steal away, steal away,
> Steal away to Jesus," etc.

This habit of singing *sotto voce* originated in slavery, and it is one of the most thrilling things imaginable. "You see," said a negro woman to me, "that's de way we used fur to hab a prayer-meeting in old Uncle Wash's cabin. We sot round just as still, and then we'd start some hymn just so"—here she leaned forward, softly clapping her hands together, and patting one foot, as she sang, in a scarcely audible tone,

> "Steal away—steal away to Jesus."

And the other women present, quite familiar with the form, immediately took it up. "Then," she said, "we done prayed in de same low voice, but dat ole nigger Wash he allays got so full he'd have to jam his head under de bed-tick and shout, 'case, you see, we warn't 'lowed to 'noy de white folks."

As a general thing these women live with one another very peaceably, using tubs, brooms, crockery, and all household utensils in common. They are very desirous of being called "good neighbors," and if a readiness to lend food, clothing, and even money, when they have it, makes a good neighbor, I know of no one more worthy of the name. Domestic quarrels are also much less frequent than one would expect among a people whose ordinary language is very coarse and brutal, and who, while performing almost impossible tasks to keep their husbands or children at school, very rarely show their affection in words of tenderness or praise.

The women accept it as a settled fact that they are to support their husbands, and many of them work almost day and night in order to send him to school, because, perhaps, he imagines himself a born preacher. This sacrifice is always accepted as a lawful tribute to his superiority, and he generally has an extempore sermon on hand from some of PAUL's dicta about women.

Almost the only domestic quarrel of which I was made a confidante was the following:

Away up on the hill-side, in a pigeon-hole of a room, lives a Mrs. CHAPPEL, one of those merry little women who rejoice over a crumb as though it were a fortune. Her husband drinks a great deal too much, and one day I found her ruffled over a little domestic trouble. "You see," she said, "CHAPPEL he got cross yesterday morning, so sez I to myself, it takes two to make a quarrel. I went round kinder singing to myself, when, sez he, 'Whar's dem taters gone dat was in dis box?' 'I lent 'em to Mrs. SMITH,' sez I, and goes right on singing. Well, he rowed round 'bout dem taters, and I sung on like I never heerd him. I was singing 'Over Thar,' and sez I, 'CHAPPEL, why don't you jine in and gib de words back to me? When I says "Over Thar," you should sing up "Over Thar," dis way,' and I showed him how. 'Taters! Taters!' sez he." And as Mr. CHAPPEL was blacking his shoes to go to Sunday-school, and continued the altercation in a way which made the brushes handy, I think I had better leave the rest of the story to individual imagination.

Children are brought up not only under the mother's eye and lash, but also under the eyes and lashes of all the mothers in the neighborhood; and they have a habit, which I shall notice more particularly with reference to the Carolinian negroes, of *giving* their children away to sisters and friends. The life of a colored child is often a very hard one, and this is especially so in regard to the girls, who are introduced to the wash-tub and hard work generally at a pitiably early age.

B.

FRENCH ORDERS.

THE badges of the inferior orders of the Legion of Honor have been pretty eagerly sought after by foreigners, even by Englishmen. It is related of an English merchant who had rendered some service to Napoleon III. that he was invited by that prince to spend a few days at Fontainebleau. When the merchant took his leave, the Emperor asked him whether he could be of service to him in any way. "May it please your Majesty," stammered the guest, "I should like —the Legion of Honor." Repressing the national habit of shrugging his shoulders—ever so slightly—Cæsar replied that he should be most happy to give him the cross. "I fancied," he added, "that your government did not allow you to wear foreign decorations. However, if you can make it right with the English administration, you are heartily welcome. Meanwhile you must permit me to give you a cross of the Legion worn by my uncle the King of Westphalia." So saying, the Emperor went to a drawer, and took out a diamond star that had once glittered on the marshal's uniform of Jerome. It was handsomely done: grave as were his faults, Napoleon III. always showed himself a gentleman.

The Legion of Honor has this agreeable peculiarity, that it is accompanied by pensions—in the case of military knights. A plain Chevalier receives 250 francs a year, a Grand Cross 5000. The Chancellorship of the order is a very snug berth indeed. Besides a fine income, the Chancellor has handsome apartments rent free and "perquisites." Of course the post is generally bestowed on an old soldier; though on the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 it was given to an eminent clergyman whom it had been found difficult to put in any other place. The porter of the palace caused some amusement by addressing the abbé, on his official entry, in the set phrase which he had used toward successive captains of great fame: "You have only to command, marshal; it will be my business to obey."

There is one other French order of importance: the military medal. It is of gold, encircled in silver, and suspended by a short ribbon of green and yellow. Coveted almost as much as the Victoria Cross, its numbers have been extended so as to include civilians, the proportion being one of the latter to every two soldiers or sailors. When Bazaine had been for some time a Marshal of France and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, he received the military medal—a graceful compliment, which was meant to indicate that the cup of his honors was full, and that there was nothing left for his imperial master but to give him the remainder of the lesser decorations.

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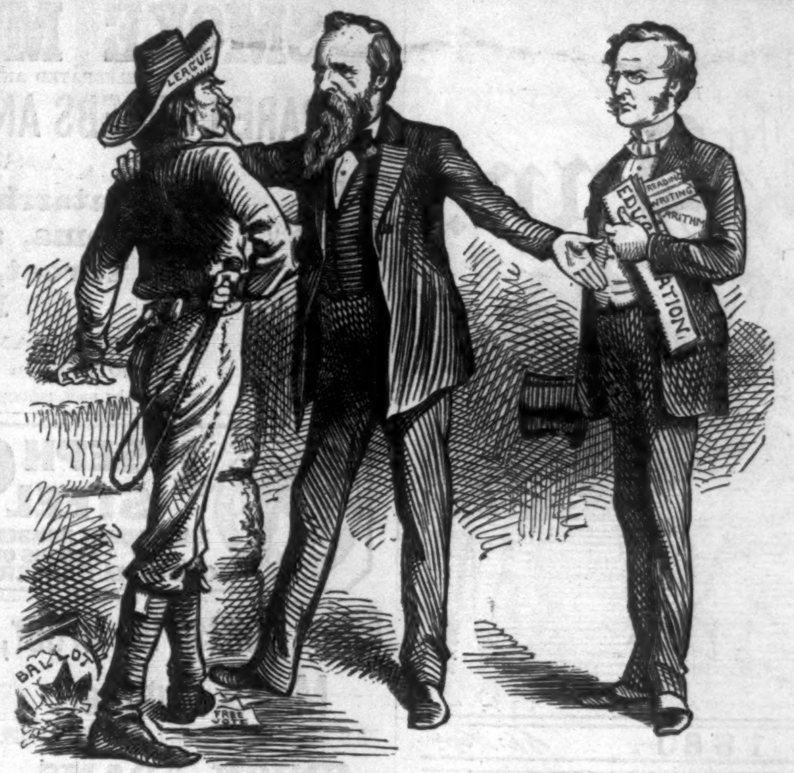

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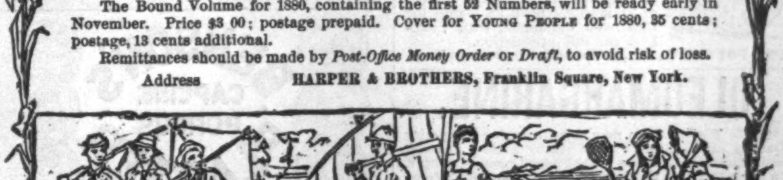

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